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THE

EAST INDIAN;

A

COMEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

BY A. THOMPSON,

AUTHOR OF WHIST, &c.

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1800

BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR JOHN SMITH, formerly a Merchant, now a Bankrupt.

SAMUEL, his eldeſt Son, a Surveyor of Exciſe, a Man of Method.

ROBERT, his youngeſt Son, a Captain of a Merchant Veſſel.

KABERDAR, the Eaſt-Indian, formerly Nabob of Myſore, dethroned by his Brother, and now an Exile.

FAZIR, his Son.

MUSAFFERY, faithful Servant to Kaberdar.

JACK, a Seaman, attached to Robert.

TIDEWAITER.

STAFF, STRUSSELL, } two Lawyers.

TOM, a Servant Boy.

LADY SMITH, a Vixen, and proud of her Family.

LIDDY, her Daughter, affectionately fond of her Father.

GURLI, an innocent, uneducated Eaſt-Indian, Daughter to Kaberdar.

SCENE——LONDON.

THE

EAST INDIAN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A HALL.

The gouty Sir JOHN, *upon a chair with wheels—His leg wrapt up, and ſtretched out before him—*LIDDY *ſitting beſide him, and reading the newſpaper to him.*]

S. *John.* AH, woe!

Liddy. More pains yet?

S. *John.* No leſs than if a neſt of ſerpents were ſtinging every one of my toes.

Liddy. Poor father.

S. *John.* Good Liddy.

Liddy. Oh, that any one could relieve you?

S. *John.* That very wiſh is medicine; you are the only one in the houſe, that takes care of my ſick body, and revives my ſoul with your good wiſhes.

Liddy. Not ſo.

S. *John.* Yes indeed, yes indeed. I bear witneſs before God, you are the only comfort of my infirm old age.

Liddy. You forget that you have ſons.

S. *John.* Sons! and what then? Fool that I was, to murmur againſt Providence, eighteen years ago, for ſending me a daughter. I wanted ſons. Wild, careleſs fellows. I thought they would be more eaſily provided for, and make their way better through the world. Yes, yes, they make their way through it, and leave their poor father in the lurch. There is Samuel——

Liddy. His many occupations.

S. *John.* Fie, fie, gratitude towards father and mother, ought to be the firſt occupation of a child. Samuel is a ſneaking fellow—and as for Robert;

Liddy. (*with much emotion.*) But ſurely Robert, dear father——

S. *John.* Your eye gliſtens, whenever he is named. Robert, indeed, is better than his brother; but he is a rattle-ſcull.

Liddy. He loves you ſo tenderly.

S. *John.* At the diſtance of more than a thouſand miles—I would not give a fig for his love. There he cruizes upon unknown oceans, from one quarter of the world to another; while the gout is cruizing through all my limbs.

Liddy. Indeed, it is only for your ſake he expoſes himſelf to ſo many hardſhips. Perhaps he will now ſoon be back again. I look every morning how the wind blows; and, ſhould he return with a rich cargo? ſhould he change our preſent poverty into opulence? Look only, dear father, this is in the power of a ſon to do; while the daughter muſt ſit at home, and can do nothing but take care of her ſick father.

S. *John,*

S. *John.* Oh! that is more than if Robert ſhould bring me the luxuries of both Indies. Good Liddy, when the gentle eye converſes ſo tenderly with me; I cannot deſcribe to you, how much it does me good. You will think often that your father ſlumbers. when I ſit upon my chair with my eyes cloſed! No, Liddy, your father then prays for you.

Liddy What a ſweet reward is in this moment. *(Kiſſes his hand.)* Your bleſſing, father. *(Kneels down before his chair.)*

S. *John.* *(Laying his hand on her.)* God bleſs you, and may nature only ſpare my life ſo long as to ſee this my paternal bleſſing, which I give ſo cordially, completely fulfilled. God bleſs you.

Liddy. And my brother Robert.

S. *John.* Him too.

Liddy. And my brother Samuel.

S. *John.* I curſe him not.

Liddy. But your bleſſing.

S. *John.* He has his mother's bleſſing.

Liddy. Dear father.

S. *John.* Well then, well then, I bleſs him! but not as a father; only as a Chriſtian. Stand up.

Liddy. Unhappy party-ſpirit, in ſo ſmall a family.

S. *John.* Who is to blame? Is it not your mother? Who torments me from breakfaſt time to the hour of ſupper? Who is it, that throws my unmerited bankruptcy in my teeth, with every ſcanty morſel that I eat? Who deſpiſes my good burgher's blood, and talks ſo big of her German anceſtors? Who is it that ſuffers me to ſtarve? Who talks our tenants out of their money, and ſquanders ſo idly the ſlender rents which the poſſeſſion of theſe houſes has ſtill

left me? Did you not hear how I petitioned laſt night for a pipe of tobacco, and a pot of porter. Samuel carried your mother to the playhouſe; and I was obliged to ſend my appetite to ſleep.

Liddy. Dear father, you ſhall want for nothing to-day.

S. *John.* Kind Liddy! Would but ſome brave, opulent fellow, ſee you, and know you as I know you; would he but make you an offer of his hand; then I would remove along with you, and truſt myſelf to your foſtering care till death. *(In a ſofter tone, and pointing to the oppoſite door.)* The foreigner ſeems to have taken a liking for you.

Liddy. (Confuſed) To me?

S. *John.* I think ſo. Now, he is no longer young, but he is an honeſt man, and your heart is yet free.

Liddy. (In confuſion) My heart is free.

S. *John.* See, this would be a proviſion for your old father. Well, we muſt commit it to time and fortune. Ah, woe! there it pulls again, from the ſole of my foot, up to my thigh.

Liddy. Too much converſation may hurt you: (*taking up the newſpaper,*) ſhall I proceed?

S. *John.* Do ſo: perhaps, I may be able to catch a nap.

Liddy. But would it not then be much better to ſuffer me to carry you to your own chamber? Here there is a continual running about, and a continual knocking at the doors; ſometimes people coming to us, and ſometimes people coming to the foreigner.

S. *John.* No, Liddy, I will ſtay here in the parlour: for yonder the ſcolding tongue of your mother

mother would drive all ſleep from my eyes; beſides, of what conſequence is it? Let them run about and knock at the doors as much as they chuſe; one may get accuſtomed to every thing except the voice of a ſcolding wife.

Liddy. (*Reading.*) "Paris, the 16th January."

S. *John.* Or, ſtill better, my dear Liddy, ſet you down to your harpſichord, and play or ſing to me. It lulls one ſo ſweetly aſleep.

Liddy. Very willingly. (*Sits down to the harpſichord and plays or ſings, till ſhe ſees that the old man is aſleep, then ſhe riſes.* He ſleeps. Soft be thy repoſe, and cheerful be the moment of thy awaking. Now, let me be quick. Tom muſt have been long upon the watch. (*Slips to the window, and beckons and whiſtles.*) He underſtands me already. (*Comes back, and ſeeks out of her work-bag, a pair of ſewed ruffles.*) If only my mother does not ſurpriſe me; or Samuel, that ſuſpicious inquiſitive fellow. (*Giving a ſide glance at her father.*) Or, if my father ſhould awake. Oh, I ſhould then be in a pretty perplexity.

SCENE II.

TOM *and* LIDDY.

Liddy. (*Slipping towards him upon tiptoe.*) Softly, the old gentleman is aſleep.

Tom. You have made me wait curſedly long, Miſs.

Liddy. Well, well, you ſhall have ſome more halfpence for it. There, take this pair of ruffles.

Tom. For ſale again?

Liddy. Certainly.

Tom. At what price?

Liddy. Three crowns at the leaſt——I have wrought five nights on them.

Tom. That is no buſineſs of the purchaſer's: if they only look fine in his eyes, whether you have wrought at them five nights, or only five minutes, will be a matter of perfect indifference to him.

Liddy. Don't chatter ſo much. The old gentleman may awake.

Tom. Well, I am going.

Liddy. Stop—I have ſomething more to ſay to you; when you have got the ruffles diſpoſed of, go with the money to our neighbour Williams the grocer, and buy a pound of his beſt tobacco.

Tom. Well.

Liddy. Then bring from the tavern below, in the corner, a pot of good porter; and when you have got every thing together, then place yourſelf again upon the watch, till I beckon to you.

Tom. I underſtand you.

Liddy. Run then.

Tom. God preſerve you pretty Miſs.

Liddy. Good father! thy wiſhes are ſo ſober and moderate——quick, let me fall to work again. *(Takes up her work bag.)* It is ſo ſweet to work for a father, and goes ſo eaſily through one's fingers.

SCENE III.

LIDDY *and* SAMUEL, *with his Hat and Stick.*

Liddy. Good morning, brother.

Samuel. Good morning. *(Aſide.)* Have I remembered to lock up every thing? I muſt ſee. Here is the key of the deſk, here is that of the coffer, and here is that of the cupboard: all right. *(about to go.)*

Liddy The key of moſt conſequence, I am afraid, you have forgotten.

Samuel.

Samuel. Of moſt conſequence! I! what can this be? your anſwer.

Liddy. Your heart, my dear, I have ſome idea that the young Indian, who ſtays here, has already filched the key of it from you.

Samuel. Give yourſelf no uneaſineſs.—It is indeed true, that I feel ſomewhat; but I ſtand on my guard—I know in every poſſible caſe, what precautions ought to be taken.

Liddy. Precautions againſt love? Do, let me hear them.

Samuel. *(In a ſignificant tone.)* You perhaps find it neceſſary to make uſe of them?

Liddy. *(In confuſion.)* I?

Samuel. Aye. you—do you think I did not diſcover you? That young fool of an Indian, whom our brother Robert carries about with him over the ſeas, and whoſe fate he ſo myſteriouſly conceals,—to tell you a ſecret, that young puppy carried along with him the heart of my ſiſter Liddy.

Liddy. You call him both a fool and a puppy, and yet ſuppoſe that Liddy is enamoured with him?

Samuel. Yes, indeed, ſhe has ſuffered herſelf to be blinded by the devil. See only, ſiſter, when one runs twenty times a-day to the window, to ſee if the poor fellow has got a fair wind——

Liddy. Well, I do ſo on brother Robert's account.

Samuel. Brother Robert made ſeveral voyages before, but ſiſter Liddy never ſhewed herſelf ſo deeply affected as the laſt time. But don't interrupt me—when one turns of a ſcarlet colour, whenever a certain name is mentioned; when one carries about with them in their pocket-

book,

book, a certain trinket—then I aſk, is this love? anſwer: yes.

Liddy. And I aſk, when any one without permiſſion, rummages in their ſiſter's pocket-book, is not one a rogue? anſwer: yes.

Samuel. Who can help it, if other people do not think it neceſſary to take as much care of their pocket-books, as I do of mine.

SCENE IV.

LADY SMITH, LIDDY, SAMUEL, *and* SIR JOHN.

L. *Smith.* Very noble this truly! whenever dinner is ſet upon the table, then they all flock together like as many waſps,—but when I take up a prayer-book in the morning, in order to converſe a little with my Creator, then one runs off here, and another off there.

Samuel. The duties of my employment, gracious mamma.

L. *Smith.* *(to Liddy.)* And you?

Liddy. I have been reading the newſpapers to my father.

L. *Smith.* Yet I heard you a long while prattling to one another,——what was the ſubject of your diſcourſe?

Liddy. I was jeſting with my brother.

Liddy. And I was talking very ſeriouſly with my ſiſter.

L. *Smith.* But about what?

Liddy. About the wild young girl who has now lodged four months in our houſe.

Samuel. About the wild young fellow, who has now wandered for more than a twelvemonth round the world with Robert.

Liddy.

Liddy. She has caught him, in ſpite of his caution.

Samuel. He has fettered her in ſpite of her levity.

L. *Smith.* You ſeem both to be in the right, for both of you ſeem to have loſt your underſtandings.

Samuel. I! I am very well ſatisfied with mine.

L. *Smith.* That very circumſtance proves that you have not much of it. Man is content with nothing in the world, except only with his own underſtanding; the leſs of it he has, the more is he content—*Sans badinage.* I will not ſuppoſe that either of you are capable of thinking ſeriouſly of ſuch a thing; for although on your father's ſide, you are only of burgher extraction, yet as ancient and honourable blood flows in the veins of your mother,—*(Looks at Samuel and Liddy alternately, as if ſhe was expecting an anſwer: both are ſilent: Liddy ſews, and Samuel plays with his cravat: Lady Smith raiſing her voice, and fixing her hands in her ſides,)* How? what? no *reponſe?* muſt I ſurvive the ſhame of ſeeing my eldeſt ſon Samuel married to the daughter of a vagabond?

Samuel. Have a care gracious mamma! have a care! our tenant the foreigner can hear every word.

L. *Smith. (To Liddy.)* And could you ſo far forget both what you owe to God and to yourſelf, as to allow your heart to be attached to a heathen, and a plebeian heathen too?

Liddy. (In a tone of intreaty.) Softly, deareſt mother; my father is aſleep.

L. *Smith.* See now! I believe ſhe is attempting to force me to be ſilent; *(turning to the old man*

man, and crying ſtill louder,) he muſt not ſleep: he muſt awake: he muſt aſſiſt in preventing the follies of his children. Hola, Sir John.

S. *John, (ſtarting from ſleep)* Ah, woe!

L. *Smith.* Well, what's the matter?

S. *John.* My leg.

L. *Smith.* Forget your leg: the queſtion here is about things quite different; things which concern you much nearer.

S. *John.* Much nearer? I ſhould like to know what can poſſibly concern me nearer than my own leg?

L. *Smith.* Aye, truly, I thought there were many things in the world, which muſt intereſt you much more than your ſwaddled foot.

S. *John. (Yielding to her)* Well, that may perhaps be the caſe.

L. *Smith.* A leg at beſt is only a leg; and a gouty leg is of no value.

S. *John.* Very true.

L. *Smith.* One ought entirely to forget that one has one.

S. *John.* One ſhould indeed—ah, woe! ah, woe!

L. *Smith.* If you had but a little learning, you would then know that the ancient ſtoics held pain to be no evil.

S. *John.* The devil! they ſurely never had the gout!

L. *Smith.* My good Sir John; it is inexcuſable in you, that you ſhould have ſo little knowledge of life: you had a wife of family, and conſequently every opportunity of acquiring it. How often have I told you already, and how often muſt I yet tell it you, that nothing gives

more

more *ennui* to a perſon in health, than an invalid eternally talking of his complaints.

S. *John.* Well let us then, for God's ſake, talk always of ſomething elſe.

L. *Smith.* That was what I wiſhed long ago to do; but you would never ſuffer me to begin. —Here ſtands your ſon Mr. Samuel Smith, and here is your daughter Miſs Liddy Smith.

S. *John.* God be praiſed! I ſee ſo.

L. *Smith.* They have both loſt their ſenſes.

S. *John.* Both!

L. *Smith.* Your deareſt ſon, on whom I have taken ſo much pains to bring him up in honourable principles, has taken a fancy to marry a female adventurer, to contaminate his blood with an Indian harlot.

Samuel. Who ſaid ſo? is there then at preſent any mention of marriage? indeed if I were aſked if I liked the girl, then, the anſwer would be, yes,—but before it actually comes the length of an union, there are a hundred thouſand circumſtances to conſider, a million of obſtacles to put out of the way, and an infinite number of trifles to aſcertain.

S. *John.* Yes, my love, I will be your ſurety! Samuel will not do any thing raſhly.

Samuel. That indeed I will not.

S. *John.* But if he ſhould do it, he will then perform the firſt prudent action of his life. The girl is moſt amiable; her flat noſe is bewitching, and the *naivete* of her humour enchanting.

L. *Smith.* Very pretty again! any one to hear you ſpeak, might ſuppoſe that your whole underſtanding was ſunk down into your ſwollen foot. The whole litany which you repeated over to me, is ſcarcely ſufficient for the happineſs

neſs of a fool. The moſt important points, the very axle-pins on which the whole moral world turns round, theſe my wife huſband has forgotten.

S. *John.* And theſe are?

L. *Smith.* Birth and fortune.

Samuel. Very true.

S. *John.* With regard to fortune, you are, alas! in the right.

Samuel. Quite right.

S. *John.* I hope, however, that in this reſpect the young Indian will be able to ſatisfy your demands. Her father keeps every thing very ſnug, but it looks as if he had ſomething in his coffers. He lives well, and is indebted to nobody; he pays us his weekly rent to the very hour.

Liddy. He is alſo very bountiful to the poor.

L. *Smith.* *Mon Dieu!* Give over your nauſeous calculations! one may know always from your ſtile of converſation, that you were once in your life a merchant; who ever eſteemed it a ſymptom of opulence, when one was punctual in paying their debts! The richeſt people, Sir, are in debt to the whole world—yet, *paſſe pour cela*, though this point be granted you, the one of moſt importance ſtill remains undecided. —Or, perhaps, you may reckon punctaulity in payment, to be likewiſe the proof of an illuſtrious deſcent?

S. *John.* No, truly not! but I hold that point ſuperfluous. The girl is born, and well born too; by which I underſtand that ſhe is ſound and healthy, and has all her limbs ſtanding where they ſhould be; a hunch-backed girl, had ſhe

ſhe a hundred anceſtors, would always in my opinion be very ill born.

L. *Smith.* *Mon Fils*, have you not a ſmelling bottle about you?

Samuel. Oh yes, gracious mamma; *(Preſents one to her.)*

L. *Smith.* Support me, Liddy; I ſhall fall into a ſwoon.

S. *John.* Don't make yourſelf uneaſy, we know what to think of ſuch farces as theſe.

L. *Smith.* It would be no wonder, if the ſpirits of all my illuſtrious anceſtors ſhould aſſemble around me with contumelious ſmiles. It would be but a proper treatment for the German young lady, who degraded herſelf ſo far as to become the wife of an Engliſh merchant; while her hand was ſolicited by dukes and lords, to all of whom ſhe preferred a man without education, without *ſavoir vivre*, without one noble principle: a bankrupt! a cripple! a beggar!

S. *John.* Liddy, carry me to my chamber.

L. *Smith.* Do you think I can't follow you thither? only have a little patience—I will be after you immediately.

S. *John.* Well, Liddy, carry me then to my grave.

L. *Smith.* But firſt a few words with you, my ſon. *(Liddy carries off the old man.)*

SCENE V.

SAMUEL *and* LADY SMITH.

L. *Smith.* It is true, that you are now come to that age in which it is proper to be thinking of matrimony.

Samuel. And ſo I am thinking of it.

L. *Smith.* Very well, my ſon,—very praiſe-worthy; but you have thought already five years on it, and it never comes any further than thinking.

Samuel. Prudence is the mother of wiſdom.

L. *Smith.* Your prudence is an *ignis fatuus?* which one day or other will lead you into the mire.

Samuel. What a ſimile, gracious mamma! can prudence ever bean *ignis fatuus?* anſwer: no.—Is Gurli a mire? anſwer: no.—She is rather a flower garden, or a flowery meadow, or a flower enamelled field.

L. *Smith.* Ay, ay, there are flowers that grow behind the hedge.

Samuel. But they ſmell not therefore the leſs ſweetly.

L. *Smith.* Fie, my ſon, diſhonour not my blood.—A girl of no family; an Indian, and of conſequence a heathen; a *ſelf-witted* capricious thing; whoſe father is a poor ape, whom nobody knows, and who has not probably a ſhilling in his poſſeſſion.

Samuel. As for family, gracious mamma, you know well that here in England, we are not accuſtomed to think it of much importance.

L. *Smith.* Alas! no!—the carter and the lord enjoy here the very ſame rights.

Samuel. As to her being a heathen———

L. *Smith.* That indeed is not a matter of ſo much conſequence.

Samuel. Conceited and capricious—ſhe is ſtill young. A reaſonable man, I am very ſure will make a reaſonable woman of her. Her father an ape,—here I aſk, is Samuel to marry the father, or the daughter? anſwer: the daughter—

ſo

ſo that does not concern me. But the moſt important point, which my gracious mamma has touched upon, is the caſh.—There prudence commands us to go cautiouſly to work; and, accordingly, I have appointed to their poſts, my ſpies, and lurkers, and my grey-hounds.

L. *Smith.* And although you ſhould learn, that he had indeed a fortune, could you entertain ſo ignoble an idea, as to adopt a reſolution———

Samuel. A reſolution! gracious mamma! now indeed you terrify me—I think that though I were perſuaded at this moment, that the girl was a princeſs, and her father a prince, with whole cheſtfulls of gold in his poſſeſſion; I would ſtill ſhudder at the thought, the formidable thought of taking a reſolution.

L. *Smith.* You are a fool. [*Exit.*

Samuel. (*Alone*) A fool? A fool? (*ſtepping up to a glaſs and looking proudly*) Do I look at all like a fool: anſwer, no.

SCENE VI.

GURLI *and* SAMUEL.

Gurli. (*In a negligee, dreſt after the Engliſh taſte: her locks without any kind of ornament, hang a little looſely about her ſhoulders; and her whole dreſs very clean, but here and there a little negligently put on,—ſhe enters talking to ſomebody behind her.*) No, I will not; ha, ha, ha, that is excellent—here have the people, without aſking my leave, hung up a *clock* upon a high tower, and when the thing tinkles ſo many times, then Gurli muſt breakfaſt: But Gurli will not breakfaſt—Gurli is not hungry.

Samuel. (Aſide, while turning about.) Quite alone! Excellent! The beſt opportunity to ſound her with caution. *(Aloud.)* Fair Gurli, I wiſh you a good morning.

Gurli. Good morning, thou fooliſh man.

Samuel. (Confuſed.) Fooliſh man! How muſt I underſtand that? You are impolite, Miſs.

Gurli. Don't be peeviſh! Gurli means not to offend thee; but Gurli cannot help laughing when ſhe ſees thee.

Samuel. Laugh at me! Then I muſt aſk wherefore? anſwer:

Gurli. That I know not myſelf; I think it is becauſe thou look'ſt always as if the welfare of all Bengal reſted entirely upon thy ſhoulders; and becauſe thou mak'ſt as many preparations before ſtepping over a ſmall puddle, as if thou hadſt the river Ganges before thee.

Samuel. I obſerve, that the education in Bengal, is yet very much neglected. Children talk of things which they do not underſtand.

Gurli. My pretty gentleman, Gurli is no longer a child. Gurli is very ſoon to be married.

Samuel. (With ſurpriſe.) Married! indeed!

Gurli. Yes, yes: my father ſays ſo.

Samuel. To whom then?

Gurli. That I don't know.

Samuel. And ſo your father has choſen a huſband for you?

Gurli. Not at all: Gurli will chooſe one for herſelf.

Samuel. Indeed! is the choice left entirely to you? May I then aſk you, fair Miſs, have you already caſt your eye upon any one? anſwer:

Gurli. I turn my eye, indeed, here and there, but my heart reſts as little as a quail in its neſt.

Samuel. Admirable! Excellent! May I then ask you, most amiable Gurli, how do you like me? answer:

Gurli. Thee! not remarkably.

Samuel. You are always by far too precipitate: Must one tell a man directly to his face, that one sees nothing agreeable in him?

Gurli. Thou put'st the question to me.

Samuel. What though I did? And then, that boorish *thou* of yours: I advise you as a friend, Miss, to give over that custom.

Gurli. My father has often forbid me to do so; but Gurli must always laugh, if Gurli must talk with a single person, as if there were half a dozen of them.

Samuel. It is however the custom with us.

Gurli. Well then, I can call thee likewise *you*, if thou wilt absolutely have it so.

Samuel. If, perhaps, sweeter bands should unite us, then it will always be time enough.

Gurli. Ay! time enough.

Samuel. *(Aside.)* I must approach nearer.

Gurli. *(Yawning.)* I have not slept enough.

Samuel. *(Aside.)* But cautiously, cautiously.

Gurli. Oh, what a tiresome man!

Samuel. *(Aloud.)* Happy! thrice happy! will be the fortunate man who is destined to pluck the fairest flower that ever the breath of the sweet zephyr drew forth from its modest bud.

Gurli. *(Laughing.)* My good friend, this language is Sanscrit to me; and it is understood only by our Bramins.

Samuel. *(Peevishly.)* I spoke in the Oriental stile; but I see that one must converse with you so plainly, that it may be felt with the hand.

Gurli. Ay: Gurli liſtens then with moſt pleaſure.

Samuel. It is only a pity that true prudence abſolutely forbids the uſe of ſuch a language.

Gurli. But prudence does not forbid Gurli to run away from it, and leave thee ſtanding here, for ſhe is now heartily tired of thee. *(Going.)*

Samuel. Only a moment, fair Gurli—I would talk quite plainly with you—declare myſelf more plainly—expreſs myſelf moſt plainly—if—if I knew only—whether your father ſtood in need of ſupport.

Gurli. Troubleſome man! my father is not old: my father walks nimbly without a ſtaff; yes, thou may'ſt cauſe the fineſt Palanquin to be placed immediately before his door, and yet he will prefer going on foot.

Samuel. Not ſo: that is not what I mean. I meant to ſay, that I wiſhed to help him, if he were any way unfortunate.

Gurli. (Suddenly, and with ſerioufneſs.) Unfortunate!

Samuel. (With great curioſity.) Ay, ay, unfortunate: May I aſk how it is with him in that reſpect? anſwer:

Gurli. (Weeping.) Ah! yes: my poor father is unfortunate.

Samuel. (Aſide.) Now we have it.

Gurli. And it is thy wiſh to help him: For that I muſt kiſs thee. *(Kiſſes him.)*

Samuel. (Much confuſed.) Yes, I mean to do ſo, only if it did not exceed my abilities. Such aſſiſtance is very good; but one cannot know how ſoon they may need it themſelves.

Gurli. Ah! thou can'ſt not help him, neither can the poor Gurli help him.

Samuel.

Samuel. *(Aſide.)* Heaven be praiſed! how ſoon might I have buckled myſelf to a beggar? *(Aloud.)* I hope, however, that matters are not yet ſo bad with him, but what he will be able to pay, as uſual, the houſe rent for the month that is paſt.—Not on my own account—but my father—he is a little too ſevere.

Gurli. The houſe-rent?

Samuel. Yes, yes, the houſe-rent.

Gurli. Art thou dreaming?

Samuel. I ſhould not think ſo.

Gurli. Doſt thou know what it is, my good friend? if thou giv'ſt my father a good word, he will pay thee not only the rent, but the whole houſe too; and a dozen ſuch fools as thou, to the bargain. *(Skips off laughing.*

Samuel. This is already the ſecond time to-day that I have been branded with the title of fool. It was only by female tongues, however, both times, and it would not be ſeemly for a reaſonable man, to take any offence at it.

SCENE VII.

SAMUEL *and the* CUSTOMHOUSE TIDEWAITER.

Tidewaiter. Good, good, that I have found you. I have run till I can ſcarcely draw my breath.—Uph.

Samuel. Well, my dear Tidewaiter, did you remember my commiſſion? Have you founded with the neceſſary prudence and precaution?

Tidewaiter. To a wiſh: I have crept about after him, like a reptile,—followed him from the coffee-houſe to the opera, and from the quay to the exchange; and there, in all haſte, I have caught a great deal of information.

Samuel.

Samuel. In the firſt place, then, in reſpect to his rank?

Tidewaiter. Ay, as to that, I know almoſt nothing. Nobody knows him, nobody wiſhes to know him. An Eaſt Indian—on that point the voices are unanimous, becauſe they had it from his own mouth: but whether he be from the coaſt of Malabar, or the coaſt of Coromandel, or the coaſt of Orixa, I have not, in all haſte, been able to learn. This much is, however, certain, that he did not come over in one of our veſſels. He muſt, in all probability, have travelled hither from Portſmouth by land.

Samuel. Secondly, as to what concerns his fortune?

Tidewaiter. There indeed I can have the honour to oblige you, as ſoon as poſſible, with compleater information: In ſpite of the plain and ſimple habit of this man and of all his domeſtics; in ſpite of the ſingle diſh of meat, which is ſerved up daily at his table; in ſpite of the clear fountain-water which he drinks; I yet hold him (with your permiſſion) for one of the richeſt and moſt opulent perſons in this illuſtrious commercial city.

Samuel. Query: Wherefore? anſwer.

Tidewaiter. Anſwer: Therefore, becauſe, in all haſte, he throws handfuls of his money out at the window.

Samuel. How ſo?

Tidewaiter. Permit me, my worthy Mr. Surveyor, to tell you, without loſs of time: The commercial houſe of Brown and Belton was, laſt week, upon the point of failing: it was already talked of openly upon Change; and, as it is cuſtomary, the one pitied them; another

ſhrugged

ſhrugged up his ſhoulders; and a third ſpoke of rain and ſunſhine. Kaberdar, whom I ſneaked after in all haſte, went from one merchant to another, and procured full information of the circumſtances. He heard every where that Brown and Belton, were men of fine honeſt characters, who, by means of ſeveral unmerited misfortunes, had fallen into this deſperate ſituation. What does he? He ſets himſelf down with the greateſt precipitation, and writes immediately to Brown and Belton, a card to the following purpoſe: "If ten thouſand pounds ſterling would "be ſufficient to extricate ye from your pre-"ſent perplexity, ye are welcome to the loan "of that ſum without intereſt for ſix months." Brown and Belton, who had never ſet eyes upon the man in their lives, are almoſt beſide themſelves with aſtoniſhment and rapture, honour their bills, and carry on their buſineſs with all their former promptneſs and expedition; and venerate an Eaſt-Indian as much as a ſaint.

Samuel. My God! What imprudence! The ſooner this man ſeeks a ſon-in-law, the better: a rational, prudent, conſiderate man, who may ſerve him inſtead of a curator to his fortune. But go on, my dear Officer—you have indeed proved to me, that this Kaberdar had once ten thouſand pounds in his poſſeſſion; but you have demonſtrated to me at the ſame time, that the fool has thrown them out at the window. The queſtion is then——

Tidewaiter. Whether he has ſtill ſo much remaining, as to excite the attention of a prudent man? There too, in all haſte, I ſhall have the honour of ſatisfying you: You know the fine manor of Rogers-hall, ſo rich in fiſh and wild fowl,

ſowl, and in field and garden fruits: and which, beſides all this, enjoys the advantage of being only two miles from the city, ſo that one may repair thither with the greateſt expedition. This pretty piece of land has been ſquandered away by the heir in diſſipation, and purchaſed in all haſte by our Eaſt-Indian.

Samuel. How! Is this certain?

Tidewaiter. Say, quickly purchaſed and promptly paid.

Samuel. Hem! ay! But ſtill I muſt ſee to procure information, a little more poſitive and circumſtantial. If this agreeable intelligence be confirmed, then Gurli has a dowry to produce, which will throw a veil over the manifold defects of her manners. I will immediately repair to the Exchange. Have you any thing more to impart to me on this ſubject?

Tidewaiter. Nothing of conſequence——He ſpeaks very little; he chews betel: he has a great veneration for cows: and whenever our town herd is driven out, he receives them with the deepeſt marks of adoration: He bathes every day;—and at the entrance of every new and full moon, he diſtributes alms to the poor.

Samuel. Were I but once his ſon-in-law, the miſt of theſe fooliſh fancies ſhould ſoon give place to the ſun of reaſon: I will ſoon prove to him that a cow has no more claim to his veneration than an aſs: I will prove to him, that neither at new nor full moon, neither in the firſt nor laſt quarter, is it permitted by prudence to give alms. In ſhort, if the purchaſe of Rogers-hall be clear, then will my marriage with Gurli be clear alſo. Farewel, in the mean time, my dear Officer: Be indefatigable, zealous and active; but

above

above all things be cautious: Keep your five ſenſes at all times upon the watch. My grateful diſpoſition is well known to you; and if ever the queſtion ſhould be, Whether I would return your ſervices with pleaſure? then would the anſwer be always, Yes. (*Makes a gracious obeiſance to the Officer and exit.*)

SCENE VIII.

The TIDEWAITER *alone.*

If the queſtion were to be, Whether I had an inclination, with the greateſt precipitation, to break your neck? then would the anſwer be always, Yes—After ſo much trouble, and ſo many exertions, to put me off with a few empty words. Such, however, is the way of the world—There is ſcarcely one honeſt man in employment, who has not one over him, worſe than himſelf. If any one wiſhes ſpeedily and quickly to eat their morſel with eaſe and comfort, he muſt ſubmit to bow with ſo much deference to empty heads, and full paunches, as old Kaberdar to cows and oxen. (*ſhrugging up his ſhoulders.*) He is my ſuperior—he often winks when I am filling my pockets; and ſo let us be alert and do him ſome ſervice. (*Creeps to Sir John's door, and lays his ear to the key-hole.*) I hear a great noiſe at a diſtance, like hail beating upon a decayed roof.——No, no, it is the voice of our miſtreſs.——Theſe damned Canary birds cry ſo loud, that one cannot make out one ſyllable plainly.——Quickly, quickly: (*runs over to Kaberdar's door.*) Here all is ſilent as the grave: ——No, Gurli hums a ſong.——Her ſinging may be exceedingly good, but it does not ſatisfy my

my curioſity. (*runs back to the other door.*) Here all is now quiet as a mouſe.——Now Miſs Liddy begins to ſpeak.——Now the devil has ſtirred up theſe damned Canary birds again—I cannot endure the vermin: as ſoon as ſhe ſpeaks one word aloud, then they all cry along with her. (*Runs back to the other ſide, but has ſcarcely laid his ear to the key-hole, when Muſaffery opens the door; and in coming out almoſt runs him down.*)

SCENE IX.

MUSAFFERY *and the* TIDEWAITER.

Muſaffery. (*Always very bluntly and drily.*) What doſt thou want good friend? To whom is thy viſit? To me?

Tidewaiter. Not properly.

Muſaffery. Or to my maſter?

Tidewaiter. That too, is what I would not aſſert.

Muſaffery. Or to my maſter's daughter?

Tidewaiter. If I ſaid ſo, I ſhould tell a lie.

Muſaffery. Then it was to the wooden door: for in this apartment, there are but three perſons: my maſter, my maſter's daughter, and I.

Tidewaiter. (*Recovering gradually from his confuſion.*) My real deſign was to wiſh you in all haſte a good morning.

Muſaffery. Good morning.

Tidewaiter. And to inform myſelf with all precipitation of your welfare.

Muſaffery. Thanks.

Tidewaiter. Quite well?

Muſaffery. Quite.

Tidewaiter. Soul and body?

Muſaffery. Soul and body.

Tidewaiter.

Tidewaiter. Underſtand me aright, my moſt worthy friend: one may be in perfect health, but what, for example, avails an inclination to ſleep, if the care of providing ſuſtenance preſs upon the heart with the weight of a millſtone? What avails the keeneſt appetite, to the poor devil who has nothing to eat? But neither of theſe is your caſe.

Muſaffery. No.

Tidewaiter. You have more than you require?

Muſaffery. Oh, yes.

Tidewaiter. Your maſter is very rich?

Muſaffery. Brama has been very liberal to him.

Tidewaiter. (*With great curioſity.*) Brama! Who is that good gentleman? I never remember to have heard him named. Is he ſo liberal?

Muſaffery. Brama is liberal to all good men.

Tidewaiter. Indeed! Where then does Mr. Brama live? That I may haſten to him with all precipitation.

Muſaffery. He lives on the banks of the Ganges.

Tidewaiter. That is too far for me. Your maſter is probably a relation of his?

Muſaffery. My maſter is deſcended from his ſhoulder.

Tidewaiter. A very curious ſort of relationſhip.

SCENE X.

KABERDAR, MUSAFFERY, *and the* OFFICER.

Kaberdar. (*To the Officer ſomewhat roughly.*) What is your demand?

Tidewaiter. Nothing in the world, moſt venerable Sir. I was paſſing here in haſte, and came

up with precipitation to inform myſelf of the welfare of Mr. Muſaffery.

Muſaffery. (*Very dryly.*) He had laid his ear cloſe to the door, in order to hear about my welfare.

Kaberdar. Perhaps you take me, or my daughter, or my old friend Muſaffery for contraband goods?

Tidewaiter. Good now, moſt venerable Sir, if you would not in all haſte, take it ill of me, I would ſay, that it is almoſt the caſe; for we know not exactly who you are? what are you? whence you are? why you are here? in ſhort, you poſſeſs in a great degree, all the qualities of a contraband commodity.

Kaberdar. Had I gone to Spain, I ſhould have taken this ſpeech, for the ſpeech of one of the miniſters of the inquiſition! but in England I know my rights.—Pack off to the door.

Tidewaiter. Ay, ay, moſt worthy Sir! by what right.

Kaberdar. This apartment I have rented with my own money.

Tidewaiter. But this hall is common property; I may as often, as quickly, and as ſpeedily as I chooſe, come hither to meet my moſt worthy principal, Mr. Samuel Smith, ſurveyor of the cuſtoms; and talk, and ſpeak, and conſider, and report, and hear, and aſk, and anſwer, and adviſe; and no perſon in the world can hinder me, even were he ten times more nearly related than you are to Mr. Brama.

Kaberdar. Begone, if you do not wiſh to be turned out.

Tidewaiter. (*Retreating gradually to the door.*) How! what! turn me out! me, who am by far

far, the alerteſt, the buſieſt, and moſt active man in the whole city! a man who has ſacrificed his reſtleſs life to haſte and expedition, for the ſervice of old England! and ſuch a man to be turned out! what do you mean by turning out? whether do you mean to turn me, Sir?

Kaberdar. Either out at the door, or the window (*pulling his watch out of his pocket*) and that before three minutes are elapſed.

Tidewaiter. Hem, hem, in the greateſt precipitation; what a pity, that the duties of my occupation, that buſineſs of importance, and indiſpenſable avocations, ſhould require my preſence in all haſte; and prevent me from profiting by your kind offer; elſe we ſhould ſee Mr. Brama's relation, elſe we ſhould ſee—*Kaberdar going up to him, the Tidewaiter takes to his heels.*)

SCENE XI.

KABERDAR *and* MUSAFFERY.

Muſaffery. Thou, once the governor over thouſands! fruitful tree, under whoſe ſhadow the tribes of India pitched their tents; what is become of thee? does a miſerable mortal of the race of *Schutre* venture now to inſult thee? alas, alas!

Kaberdar. Inſult me? thou art miſtaken, good Muſaffery.—Doſt thou perceive indignation or anger upon my brow?

Muſaffery. Becauſe impotent anger does not become thee,—thou art no longer Nabob of Myſore. Ah!

Kaberdar. Always the old tale again: no, I am no longer Nabob of Myſore; nor would I wiſh to be ſo again.

Muſaffery. (*Aſtoniſhed.*) Thou would'ſt not?

Kaberdar. Say, my old faithful ſervant, didſt thou then conſider me as happy, when both French and Engliſh were ſoliciting my friendſhip and alliance? when I was entangled againſt my will, in their ſenſeleſs diſputes? when I now aſſiſted the one from inclination; and now ſerved the other by conſtraint? when I was every other moment in want of money, to ſatisfy the rapacity of my murmuring ſoldiers? when the court of Delhi was weaving plots againſt me; and I was obliged, in order to maintain my dignity, to deſcend with reluctance to mean artifices? when armies both of Europeans and Indians were laying waſte my flouriſhing province, and profaning ſacrilegiouſly my holy pagods? when at laſt the rebellion of my brother broke out againſt me, and I ſpent ſo many ſleepleſs nights, toſſing on my anxious and reſtleſs couch? ſay, was I then happy?

Muſaffery. No: but the ſweet flower of hope ſtill ſhed its fragrance around thee: what was loſt might have been recovered.

Kaberdar. And can this no longer be the caſe?

Muſaffery. No—unleſs Brama ſhould work a miracle, thou canſt never again be the Nabob of Myſore.

Kaberdar. And does Muſaffery think there is no happineſs for me, in this extenſive and beautiful earth, without the ſceptre of Myſore?

Muſaffery.

Muſaffery. And what is it? art thou able to reanimate with the breath of life, the bodies of thy murdered wives and children?

Kaberdar. Alas! no.

Muſaffery. Art thou even able to find their bodies, that thou mighteſt ſacrifice a cow decked with garlands at their graves?

Kaberdar. Ah, no! woe, woe, upon my brother's head, not one ſon has he left me!——perhaps he deſtroys under nameleſs tortures, all the miſerable branches of my race! or ſtill more barbarous than death, deprives my valiant ſons of their ſight! away, away, let me draw a veil over this horrid picture of my fancy,——the ſun ſet on that day; and here I ſtand waiting its ariſing.

Muſaffery. For us it will never ariſe again——

Kaberdar. Why not? if not on the banks of the Ganges; why not on the banks of the Thames? I have indeed loſt much: but ſtill much remains for me to gain.——Repoſe and contentment, were not the ornaments of the royal turban of Myſore; for theſe are jewels which the juſtice of the gods has not reſerved for the race of the Rajahs. I now follow, at your invitation, ye ſweet pleaſures of unenvied mediocrity; to you I now willingly deſcend; or to ſpeak more properly, aſcend:——am I either old or impotent? may I not ſtill be the father of ſons, to conſtitute the joys of my future days? faithful Muſaffery, I will take a wife, I will purchaſe more property with the treaſures I have ſaved; and exchange with pleaſure, that throne, where ten thouſand mutinous ſlaves paid me homage; for the calm and

unenvied lordſhip over a hundred peaceful Europeans.

Muſaffery. Take a wife? where wilt thou find in England a wife deſcended from thy race?

Kaberdar. Miſerable prejudice! my country has renounced me; and I am therefore releaſed from an obſervation of its cuſtoms. Mine eyes have choſen; my heart is in uniſon, and waits only for the conſent of my reaſon—— Miſs Liddy: (*with animation*) her glance is a ſunbeam, upon which the ſouls enter into Wiſchenu's paradiſe! the mild wiſdom of the goddeſs 'Sawaſuadi reſts at all times upon her lips; and virtue created from the right breaſt of the god of gods, has fixed her deareſt throne within her heart! Oh, Mamnadinn, god of love, creep thou alſo into it.

Muſaffery. Thou art bewitched! but have a care; thy heart is now turned a boy, and will wantonly run away from thy reaſon, which creeps after him in the ſhape of an old man!

Kaberdar. Right, old friend; we will do nothing raſhly. With thy unimpaſſioned looks will I ſpy, and with thy old caution will I prove ——But how? if the event ſhould accord with the wiſhes of my heart, wilt thou then conſider me again as happy?

Muſaffery. (*After a pauſe.*) No. Ah! there, where the Ganges ſerpentiſes through flouriſhing fields of rice; there alone dwells happineſs. Here, in a foreign land, where I never met with a ſingle perſon, to whom I can ſay: "Doſt thou ſtill remember, twenty years ago, that day when we were ſo happy together?"

Here,

Here, where nobody ſpeaks my language, and nobody worſhips my gods:——alas! alas!

Kaberdar. And doſt thou know, Muſaffery, that thou haſt often afflicted me, by theſe unavailing complaints of thine, whoſe inexhauſtible fountain breaks forth continually? doſt thou repent of having ſhown ſo much love and fidelity to me? doſt thou repent being the only one, who did not abandon his maſter, when the lightnings of adverſity hiſſed around him? *(ſeizing his hand.)* I cannot indeed recompenſe thee as I ought—love is the only return for love! In my heart alone thou muſt ſeek for thy reward.

Muſaffery. And there I have richly found it.—Pardon, I beſeech thee, my indiſcreet complaint.—No, I will not part with thee till death.

Kaberdar. Huſh! huſh! I hear Gurli coming.

SCENE XII.

GURLI, KABERDAR, *and* MUSAFFERY.

Gurli. *(Yawning.)* Father, the time hangs heavy on Gurli.

Kaberdar. Have I not pointed out to thee many ways, by which thou may'ſt leſſen the tediouſneſs of time? ſewing—embroidering—reading.

Gurli. Yes, father, Gurli does theſe things; but Gurli is ſo awkward that ſhe mars every thing. When I ſew, my thread cracks; and next minute my needle breaks: when I embroider, I drop the bodkin: and whenever I read, I fall aſleep.

Kaberdar.

Kaberdar. Well then, kill the time in prattle.

Gurli. Prattle! with whom ſhould Gurli prattle? My father is ſeldom at home: Muſaffery is dumb: the old naſty mother yonder is always ſcolding: Samuel is a fool: and Liddy——

Kaberdar. (*Haſtily interrupting her.*) Well Liddy——

Gurli. Ah! I love Liddy, as if ſhe were my ſiſter—ſhe is ſo good, ſo very good—ſhe is much better than Gurli; but ſhe dares not talk much with Gurli.

Kaberdar. Why not?

Gurli. That naſty woman the mother has forbidden her;—but though Gurli could be all day beſide Liddy,—ſtill Gurli would want ſomething.

Kaberdar. What then?

Gurli. That Gurli knows not herſelf.

Kaberdar. You may deſcribe it at leaſt.

Gurli. Father, it is not, it cannot be deſcribed,——I think I ſometimes want a parrot or a cat.

Kaberdar. Thou haſt both of them already.

Gurli. Gurli has indeed both; and yet a longing often ſeizes me: then I take up firſt the cat, and then the parrot, and kiſs them by turns, and preſs them to my breaſt, and am ſo fond of them,—and yet I feel always, as if I ſtill wanted ſomething:—my father muſt purchaſe another cat for Gurli—

Kaberdar. (*Smiling.*) Indeed!

Gurli. Then I went yeſterday to walk in the little wood, which the people call the Park; there a bird ſung ſo ſweetly, ſo touchingly—only think, father,—Gurli was obliged to weep at

at it:——I felt ſo ſorrowful, ſo afflicted: it roſe and fell ſo ſtrangely here; I felt ſo warm, and looked always around, as if I had been looking for ſomething; and at laſt—at laſt, I could not help plucking a roſe, and kiſſing it a thouſand, and a thouſand times, and wetting it all with my fooliſh tears. This was very droll, was it not, father?

Kaberdar. Very.

Gurli. My father muſt buy ſuch a bird for his Gurli.

Kaberdar. Yes, indeed.

Gurli. Ah! Gurli knows not herſelf rightly what is the matter with her.

Kaberdar. Be eaſy; thy father has more experience; he ſees already where this will end:——but let us talk of ſomething elſe. Haſt thou reflected on the propoſal which I made to thee lately?

Gurli. Thou knoweſt very well, father, that Gurli is not much given to reflection. But if my father thinks it proper, then Gurli will marry.

Kaberdar. Yes, Gurli, thy father is of opinion, that the ſooner Gurli takes a huſband, the better. Haſt thou met with nobody, that has pleaſed thee particularly?

Gurli. No: there is that Samuel, he is always prattling and chattering about his love; and yet his love is not of my liking. But why then muſt it be a man? I will marry his ſiſter Liddy——

Kaberdar. (*With aſtoniſhment.*) Whom? his ſiſter?

Gurli. Yes.

Kaberdar. Liddy?

Gurli.

Gurli. Yes, yes.

Kaberdar. But ſhe is a woman.

Gurli. Well, what's the matter!

Kaberdar. (Smiling.) No, Gurli, that won't do; that is not permitted by Brama; thou art a girl, and muſt marry a man. Liddy is a girl too, and muſt alſo marry a man.

Gurli. Well then, I will marry Muſaffery.

Muſaffery. (Who had till now ſtood ſunk in deep meditation on the ſubject of his late converſation, comes to himſelf, and anſwers in ſome confuſion, but with his accuſtomed dryneſs.) Me! fair Gurli! that won't do!

Gurli. Won't do, again! why not——thou art a man ſurely?

Muſaffery. I am ſo.

Gurli. Well then?

Muſaffery. I am an old man.

Gurli. What matters that?

Muſaffery. Fair Gurli, an old man muſt not marry a young girl.

Gurli. Why not?

Muſaffery. Becauſe that would be moſt unmerciful, burying a roſe-bud in the midſt of the ſnow——

L. *Smith.* (*Within.*) You think, let me tell you, very ignobly.—Becauſe you have been a fiſhmonger yourſelf, you would have your children to be ſo to.

Kaberdar. God protect us! the dragon approaches—I am ſo fond of this hall, *(pointing to the window.)* I like the view of the open ſea; but this evil ſpirit always drives me back to my ſolitary apartments—come away.

Gurli. Father, Gurli will ſtay here; Gurli will laugh at the old woman.

Kaberdar.

Kaberdar. As thou wilt; but ſhe is inquiſitive.—Do not diſcover to her the ſecret of our rank; I wiſh neither to be an object of curioſity, nor compaſſion.

[*Exit with Muſaffery into his apartment.*

Gurli. Ah, no! Gurli likes only to hear the old woman; ſhe talks ſuch a deal of ſtupid ſtuff.

SCENE XIII.

LADY SMITH *and* GURLI.

L. *Smith.* (*Still roaring to ſomebody behind while ſhe enters.*) What is the gout? a noble ſpirit ſcorns the gout, and deſpiſes the palſy; though all my anceſtors, in their twenty-fifth year, were always ſure of having the gout; none of them ever behaved like you.—(*Perceiving Gurli*).—Ah! Miſs Gurli, (*making her a low curtſey, Gurli laughing in her face.*) Well, upon my honour, ſuch impertinence I have never met with.

Gurli. Be not offended, old motherkin.

L. *Smith.* Old motherkin! better and better!

Gurli. Gurli is very fond of laughing: thou muſt not take it ill of Gurli.

L. *Smith.* Always *thou* at every word. My God! How, and where can this *pauvre creature* have had her firſt education?

Gurli. Can'ſt thou not then ſuffer the *thou*, well then, I will call thee, *you.*

L. *Smith.* Call me whatever you pleaſe. A woman of a family ſuch as mine, is beyond the reach of every affront.

Gurli Of what family are *you* then?

L. *Smith.* Of the Quirliquitſch family.

Gurli Ay! Gurli never heard it mentioned; it muſt be a new family.

L. *Smith.*

L. *Smith.* *(With contempt.)* New, my good Miſs Gurli; run over whole centuries in your thoughts, and ſtill you will not be at the root of it. I know not indeed, where you could have an opportunity of getting acquainted with old families.

Gurli. I! I myſelf am deſcended from one of the oldeſt families in the world.

L. *Smith.* *(With contempt.)* You! ha, ha, ha!

Gurli. Yes, yes, I.—Gurli is of the family of the Rajahs.

L. *Smith.* *(Toſſing up her noſe.)* Rajah! Rajah! I will, for my amuſement, as ſoon as I come home, turn over Rupner's book of heraldry, and ſee whether theſe Lords of Rajah ever have exiſted; the family is totally unknown to me.

Gurli. The family of the Rajahs is many thouſand years old.

L. *Smith.* Many thouſand years! Ha, ha, ha! my good child, you have forgotten that the world itſelf is only 1789 years old.—Ha, ha, ha! I have always thought you a little ſilly; but I now find that you are perfectly crazy. *Makes her another low, but diſdainful curtſey, and then exit by the middle door.)*

SCENE XIV.

GURLI *alone.*

Ha, ha, ha! the old fooliſh Beldame! How ſhe bends and diſtorts her body, and looks as bold as a Bayadere. Hold, Gurli muſt ape her, for a little paſtime. *(Steps to the glaſs and practiſes curtſies.)* Oh! one might die laughing at this: Gurli muſt let her father ſee it.

ACT

ACT II.—SCENE I.

KABERDAR *alone.*

My feet carry me always involuntarily towards this hall; and when I am here, my eyes fix involuntarily upon that door. I muſt unload my heart, for the burden oppreſſes me. But alas! alas! if the experiment ſhould fail. Bethink thyſelf, Kaberdar, that thou art not in India, where thou could'ſt lock thy wife up, if ſhe ventured to vex thee; and where ſhe durſt never, without thy permiſſion, have preſumed to ſwallow her dinner beſide thee. Thou art in Europe, where the women are not degraded into puppets; where they are allowed to have a will of their own, and may think for themſelves, provided they are able. To this girl, however, has been liberally given by the gods, a body, and by virtue a ſoul. But hold! I am getting into raptures again. Do I then know her? Have I obſerved her for a ſufficient length of time? Is not her mother one of thoſe women, who are educated by Nivudi, the king of the devils? And do roſes ever grow upon a nettle? Muſaffery is in the right. Her mild eye may be deceitful: I muſt endeavour to get a peep at her heart.

SCENE II.

KABERDAR *and* TOM, *with the ruffles in his hand.*

Tom. I will run about no longer, to wear the ſoles off my ſhoes. This has been an unlucky day. I ſhall not get quit of theſe curſed things

to-day. *(Perceiving Kaberdar.)* One trial more. Noble Sir, do you want any ruffles?

Kaberdar. No.

Tom. Sewed by fair hands.

Kaberdar. I don't want them.

Tom. Very cheap, three crowns a pair.

Kaberdar. Let me alone; I wear no ruffles.

Tom. *(Throwing down the ruffles reluctantly on the table.)* Well then, let any one wear them that chuſes. *(About to go.)* You ſtay here; give them back to Miſs Liddy, when ſhe comes.

Kaberdar. Miſs Liddy! Stop: what has Miſs Liddy to do with thy ruffles?

Tom. They belong to her.

Kaberdar. *(With aſtoniſhment.)* To her?

Tom. *(Coming back.)* Yes, Sir, they are of her making. Look at them only: are they not handſome? Buy them! Cheap, very cheap; only three crowns; and if you will not betray me, then you ſhall know that the pretty young lady wrought five nights upon them.

Kaberdar. Why then does ſhe wiſh to ſell them?

Tom. Ah, noble Sir, you aſk ſtrange queſtions; why, but becauſe ſhe has no money.

Kaberdar. *(Feeling quickly for his pocket.)* How dear didſt thou ſay?

Tom. Three crowns, noble Sir; for which you ſhall have a pair of ruffles, ſuch as none but the Prince of Wales can parallel; and, over and above, you ſhall have a bleſſing to the bargain.

Kaberdar. Here are three guineas.

Tom. Three crowns, noble Sir!

Kaberdar. Three guineas, I tell you: carry them to Miſs Liddy. And here is a crown to thyſelf, upon this condition, that thou ſhalt not

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blab out the purchaſer of the ruffles. If ſhe aſks, you may tell her, that you ſold them upon Change to a foreign gentleman, whom you ſaw for the firſt time in your life.

Tom. (*Looking at the money on both ſides, with great pleaſure.*) I underſtand you, noble Sir, I underſtand, and thank you.

Kaberdar. (*Aſide.*) This is noble of the girl, that ſhe is not aſhamed to work for her daily bread! this is noble!

Tom. I never ſaw ſo much money at once in my life. Farewel, noble Sir. May God reward you.

Kaberdar. Whither art thou going?

Tom. Out.

Kaberdar. But the money?

Tom. I have it in my pocket.

Kaberdar. And will you not carry it to Miſs Liddy?

Tom. No, noble Sir. Miſs Liddy commanded me to bring a pound of tobacco from neighbour Williams, and a pot of porter from the neareſt tavern.

Kaberdar. What! does Miſs Liddy ſmoke?

Tom. Lord! no Sir, I ſuppoſe it is for her father. The poor old man wiſhes ſometimes to indulge himſelf a little; but his wife and ſon will not give him any thing.

Kaberdar. (*Aſide.*) Excellent girl! excellent girl! (*to Tom*) Go now; go. (*exit Tom*) This is is deciſive. Such a heart muſt command happineſs: were ſhe even not beautiful, filial love would lend her celeſtial charms. At preſent ſhe is poor; and yet ſhe grudges not to labour five whole nights for her father. I am determined.

SCENE III.

LIDDY *and* KABERDAR.

Kaberdar. (*Perceiving Liddy.*) Ah! ſhe herſelf! Good morning, Miſs.

Liddy. (*Paſſing him with a curtſey.*) Good morning, Sir. (*Goes to the door, looks out, comes back, ſteps to the window, and ſeems to look on all ſides for ſomething.*)

Kaberdar. Miſs Liddy probably expects ſomebody.

Liddy. (*Turning about.*) Yes, Sir, a boy to whom I had given a ſmall commiſſion. I thought a minute ago, that I ſaw him come into the houſe here: I muſt however have been miſtaken. (*She ſuddenly ſpies her ruffles in Kaberdar's hand, and draws back a little.*)

Kaberdar. (*Seeming not to obſerve it.*) There was a boy here; but moſt probably not the one that Miſs Liddy expected. Look, Miſs, I have juſt now bought a pair of ruffles. We men, are commonly cheated in ſuch commodities. What think you of them?

Liddy. (*In confuſion.*) They are very pretty.

Kaberdar. What would you value them at?

Liddy. They will always be worth a couple of crowns.

Kaberdar. Yes, Miſs, they are worth crowns to any one who had them to place upon the head of that excellent young woman. Theſe ruffles, Miſs, if the boy tells me true, were wrought by the fingers of an affectionate daughter, at the expence of her nightly reſt, to procure ſome refreſhment for her ſick father.

Liddy.

Liddy. (*In great confuſion.*) So!

Kaberdar. How much do you now think that theſe ruffles are worth?

Liddy. As much as the performance of the duty of a child.

Kaberdar. Miſs Liddy (*Seizing her hand*) I am an honeſt man. Will you marry me?

Liddy. (*With great ſurprize.*) Sir! My God!

Kaberdar. (*Letting go her hand, in a gentle tone.*) Recover yourſelf: Why are you terrified? I wiſhed not to terrify you. Perhaps your heart is engaged already. Speak frankly. I ſhall be ſorry for it; but I ſhall ſtill be your friend. Indeed, indeed, I will ſtill be your friend.

Liddy. (*Not knowing what to ſay.*) Sir, I have a father and a mother.

Kaberdar. Firſt with you, and then with your father. Dear Liddy, I have put you in perplexity; and that was what I did not wiſh to do. Suppoſe only, that two friends wiſhed to concert about taking a journey together; the one aſks, and the other anſwers: haſt thou room for me too? Art thou neither peeviſh nor capricious? Art thou not apt to loſe thy temper, whenever it happens to rain or thunder? Wilt thou not, till the end of our journey, wiſh for any other companion? You know me, Miſs. You have obſerved my behaviour and my manners. I am the ſame to-day that I was yeſterday; and what I was yeſterday, I ſhall be to-morrow.

Liddy. But I, Sir, cannot be ſo. The few charms, which, perhaps, you may look upon with pleaſure to-day, may not improbably be withered by to-morrow.

Kaberdar. The hand, Miſs, that ſewed theſe ruffles, will be ſtill worth kiſſing, even at the time when it is meagre and wrinkled, and ſcarcely able to hold a crutch.

Liddy. You have not been long enough acquainted with me; and, permit me to make uſe of the ſame frank and honeſt language with yourſelf; I, too, have not been long enough acquainted with you.

Kaberdar. Well, then, put me to the trial; obſerve me as long, and as often as you pleaſe; I will not ſhrink from the obſervation of virtue.

Liddy. In the firſt place, I do not yet know who you are?

Kaberdar. I thank you, Miſs, for deigning to inquire. Such condeſcenſion proves at leaſt, that your anſwer to my declaration is yet doubtful. You ſhall be told immediately who I am. Not a heart in England has yet participated with me in the ſecret of my rank and ſufferings. I was born on the banks of the Ganges, and in the boſom of felicity; brought up by my uncle the ſovereign of Myſore, a man of honour, whoſe throne, and whoſe enemies, I fell heir to. I was then ſcarcely ſixteen years of age. They gave me wives, becauſe cuſtom would have it ſo: and by the time I was twenty I ſaw myſelf already the father of five ſons and a daughter. I was happy, for I was beloved by my people, and eſteemed both by the French and Engliſh; and dreaded by all my enemies and neighbours; peace reigned in my kingdom and in my palace. I was happy then—thanks be to providence. Man is ever blind to futurity. That I was cheriſhing ſerpents in my boſom; that my own brothers were conſpiring againſt my crown

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and my life; and ſcattering the ſeeds of rebellion among my ſubjects, was never once ſuſpected by my credulous heart. At laſt the conſpiracy broke out; the ſceptre of Myſore was torn in one unhappy night from my hand; and alſo, my wives and my ſons became the prey of the ſanguinary victor. Only I with my daughter, and an old faithful ſervant, were ſo fortunate, after a thouſand dangers, to reach at laſt the ſea-coaſt. There lay two Engliſh ſhips, juſt ready to ſet ſail; one of which received us, weighed anchor, and brought us to Liddy's native land. If Liddy will reſtore to me what I have loſt, then ſhall this be the laſt ſigh, which I will ever ſend after the happineſs that is gone.

Liddy. *(Holding down her head after a pauſe.)* You are not then a Chriſtian?

Kaberdar. *(Starting after a pauſe.)* There is but one path to Heaven, the path of virtue.

Liddy. But this path leads through the Chriſtian church.

Kaberdar. Our Bramins ſay, through the pagods: but be that as it may, when led by your hand, I ſhall never be in danger of departing from it. Well, Miſs, any more objections; I will readily hear them, and as readily anſwer them.

Liddy. *(Still with maiden baſhfulneſs.)* Your wives, you ſaid, became a prey to the conqueror; they are then dead?

Kaberdar. In all probability.

Liddy. You have no certain intelligence of it?

Kaberdar. No.

Liddy. But ſhould they yet live?

Kaberdar. If it were ſo, they are dead to me.

Liddy. How? they may———

Kaberdar.

Kaberdar. Dear Liddy, do not judge of me by the maxims of Europe. My wives were only my ſlaves, whom I could turn off whenever I had a mind. But even, upon the ſuppoſition that I loved them, as well—as—I love you —what would my love and fidelity avail them, at the diſtance of ſo many thouſand miles?—To me, my native country is loſt for ever: I ſhall never again wander in the fertile fields of India.

Liddy. Do you know, Sir, what concluſion I might eaſily draw from this aſſertion of yours?

Kaberdar. Well?

Liddy. If you ſhould ever leave England, you might again marry ſome other girl, under the pretence that your love and fidelity, could be no longer of advantage to me.

Kaberdar. You are right, Miſs; but you forget one circumſtance: I will ſwear eternal conſtancy to you; nor will I ever quit England again.

Liddy. What will hinder you?

Kaberdar. Love.

Liddy. Oh! the poor feeble child!

Kaberdar. In our religion, that child is a god.

Liddy. You ſpeak well, but you have not convinced me.

Kaberdar. I could wiſh you to draw that conviction, only from the bottom of my heart.

Liddy. Can this eye penetrate ſo far?

Kaberdar. It ſwims in every one of my glances. Well then, perhaps, adventitious circumſtances may be more effectnal in perſuading you to believe, that my reſolution to remain in England, is my ſerious, unalterable intention.—All that I was able, at that unlucky moment, to ſave out of my

my royal treaſures, were my diamonds—only baubles to a prince; but a conſiderable treaſure to a private man. Theſe I have turned into money, and purchaſed Engliſh eſtates with it.—Do you know Roger's-hall.

Liddy. Roger's-hall was one of my favourite rides, *(with a half ſigh)* when we had horſes and a carriage.

Kaberdar. It will only depend upon yourſelf in future, to ſtay there as often and as long as you pleaſe: you are henceforth unlimited miſtreſs of Roger's-hall; I make it over to you for a jointure-houſe.

Liddy. No, Sir, I meant it not ſo.—Provided even that matters between us, ſhould go much farther than they have at preſent; you never ſhould perſuade me to do injury to your daughter.

Kaberdar. Set your mind at eaſe upon that ſubject; my daughter will ſtill have a conſiderable fortune. I am not ignorant of the duties of a father; but I know alſo what I owe to myſelf.—Well, Miſs, have I now removed all your objections? May I now venture to place before your eyes, a picture of the happineſs of a private life, with the full enjoyment of every domeſtic pleaſure? in ſuch a charming place as Roger's-hall; by the ſide of your huſband, who, if he cannot look for your love, may at leaſt reckon upon your friendſhip and attachment; by the ſide of my good, lively Gurli; *(caſting down his eyes)* in the circle of your children; and what you will perhaps value more than all, in the arms of your old father, whom I will take care of; whoſe latter days you will have the pleaſure of ſweetening; and who will renew

new his age at the ſight of our happineſs—— *(Breaks off abruptly, and looks at her ſteadily.)*

Liddy. (In great emotion: tears ſtand in her eyes, ſhe turns away from Kaberdar; claſps her hands, looks up to heaven; and continues ſome moments in that attitude. Afterwards ſhe turns to him, gives him her hand, and ſays) Well then—

Kaberdar. (Seizing her hand with tranſport, puts his arm about her neck, and kiſſes her.) Beſt of daughters! Heaven bleſs our union! it was concluded with a faithful and honeſt heart.

Liddy. It was ſo, indeed.

Kaberdar. (Putting his ring on her hand.) Farewel, dear Liddy——ſoon, very ſoon, my dear wife—my heart overflows with joy—I muſt ſeek out my old comrade Mufaffery. He ſhared with me the burden of affliction; to-day he muſt drink with me from the cup of joy—farewel—theſe ruffles I will wear on my wedding-day.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

LIDDY *alone.*

Thus have I offered myſelf as a ſacrifice upon the altar of filial love: but can I ſo ſoon forget poor Fazir? *(wiping her eyes.)* Yes, Liddy may give one tear to Fazir; let this one, however, be the laſt.—Fie, fie, no romantic weakneſs—Kaberdar is a generous man—to reject him for the ſake of a youth, whoſe heart I know only from his eyes, would be as abſurd, as in the voyage of life, to part with my compaſs in exchange for a butterfly.—Among all the follies which a young woman commits, her firſt love is always one of the greateſt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

LIDDY *and* SAMUEL, *returning home.*

Liddy. Dear brother, you muſt wiſh me joy.

Samuel. Query: wherefore?

Liddy. Anſwer: I am a bride.

Samuel. Thou!

Liddy. Yes, yes, I.—If you will not give credit to my words, believe at leaſt your own eyes. *(Holds the ring before his face.)*

Samuel. *(Seizing her hand with great eagerneſs.)* Deuce take it: let us ſee—to judge from this ring, your bridegroom muſt be firſt lord of the treaſury.—The ring, ſiſter, is deviliſhly pretty: I muſt abſolutely kiſs your hand.

Liddy. Well, it will be the firſt time in your life—Mark the effect of a pretty ring.

Samuel. But are you perfectly convinced, that your bridegroom did not—that this ring——

Liddy. You mean, I ſuppoſe, that he did not ſteal it? the ring ſeems to be nearer your heart; much nearer, than the bridegroom himſelf—you have not yet once aſked his name.

Samuel. It is impoſſible that his name can be of ſo much value as this ring. But I will now aſk you what name he goes by? anſwer.

Liddy. Kaberdar.

Samuel. *(Eagerly)* Gurli's father!

Liddy. Anſwer: yes.

Samuel. The fool; whoſe only endeavour ſhould be directed to procure a prudent and rational huſband, for his giddy capricious daughter.

Liddy. In the firſt place, in the name of my future ſpouſe, I prohibit all ſuch titles of honour;

nour; and in the ſecond place, as to what concerns your benevolent anxiety for Gurli, you have only to ſpeak a good word to her ſtepmother, if you ſhould incline to make any advances.

Samuel. Ah! I ſhall incline to make no advances, till matters be firſt duly inveſtigated——

Liddy. I have no patience with thy eternal precautions; the girl is good, handſome, and rich: what would you have more?—if you were only worthy of her.

Samuel. Good? this query at the firſt, muſt of neceſſity remain unanſwered.—Handſome? anſwer: yes.—Rich? there I muſt naturally aſk: how came you to know that? anſwer.

Liddy. Troubleſome man! I know it from his own confeſſion, and from the generoſity of his behaviour to me.—Apropos. Thou art a lover of hunting: next autumn, you may courſe hares at my houſe of Roger's-hall.

Samuel. At your houſe of Roger's-hall!

Liddy. Which, brother, is much at your ſervice. Let this be a proof to you of Kaberdar's riches. He who makes over to his future wife, ſuch an eſtate for her jointure-houſe, will not undoubtedly leave his daughter, without giving her ſomething for her portion.

Samuel. Well, then, now we have it.—I go up and down with the greateſt caution; collect every where authentic information, ſtand perpetually on my guard, endeavour to ſecure myſelf on all ſides, ſcreen myſelf here, and ſcreen myſelf there—come home and find my improvident ſiſter, who expoſes herſelf, like a gooſe, to the penetration of every one—legal poſſeſſor,

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and lady of Roger's-hall. Now I would naturally aſk; tell me, fortune is this juſtice?

Liddy. Oh! thou peeviſh man: Kaberdar has brought with him ſuch a treaſure in diamonds, that Roger's-hall in compariſon is only a pebble.

Samuel. This aſſeveration, if it be confirmed by a nearer and cloſer inveſtigation of the matter, may lend Gurli new charms.

Liddy. Surely brother, we ſhall be ſo happy, in reſtoring opulence into the houſe of our poor parents! how will brother Robert rejoice, when he returns from the Weſt-Indies to-day or to-morrow!

Samuel. Not quite ſo haſty, ſiſter; we are not yet come ſo far.

Liddy. Not you indeed—if Gurli ſhould reject you——

Samuel. *(with ſcorn.)* Reject me! Hum—well might I aſk, is Liddy in her ſenſes? anſwer: ſcarcely.

Liddy. Hiſt; ſhe comes. Now you may venture to make immediately an attack upon her heart,—ſhall I aſſiſt you?

Samuel. I have no occaſion for auxiliary troops.

SCENE VI.

GURLI, LIDDY, *and* SAMUEL.

Gurli. My father ſays that my dear Liddy wiſhes to ſpeak with Gurli—good morning dear Liddy. *(kiſſes her.)*

Liddy. Did your father ſay nothing elſe?

Gurli. Nothing at all.

Liddy. Nothing about my brother?

Gurli. About that fooliſh man there! not a ſyllable.—Had he told me, that your brother was here too, then Gurli would not have come hither.

Samuel. Ay, ay! query, wherefore? anſwer.

Gurli. Let me alone: Gurli wiſhes to prattle with Liddy.

Liddy. *(To Samuel.)* Shall the auxiliary troops be drawn out?

Samuel. But with caution.

Liddy. *(To Gurli.)* Your father ſays, you wiſh to be married.

Samuel. My God! you are by far too precipitate.

Gurli. *(Yawning.)* Yes, I will marry.

Liddy. Whom then?

Samuel Ay, ay! whom then? anſwer.

Gurli. Ah! dear Liddy! that Gurli knows not yet. Believe me, it is a very ſtupid buſineſs—my father thinks yes, and Gurli thinks yes too; but it ſeems to me, as if Gurli wanted to pluck a piſang fruit; and there grows not a piſang in all England. What then avails the deſire of Gurli; or even her father's wiſhes and commands? Gurli wanted to marry Liddy; but her father ſays, that will not do—Gurli wanted to marry Muſaffery; but Muſaffery ſays, that it will not do.

Liddy. Muſaffery is too old for you.

Gurli. Yes, yes, he ſays ſo himſelf.

Liddy. But there are enough of young active fellows in the world. *(Samuel endeavouring to ſhow himſelf to the beſt advantage.*

Gurli. Yes, dear Liddy: there is another awkward circumſtance, my father ſays that when one is married, it is then their duty to

ſtay

ſtay with their huſband. For example, if my huſband ſtays in Bengal, and my father in the Maratta country, then muſt Gurli ſtay in Bengal with her huſband.

Liddy. Certainly.

Gurli. No, that can never do—Gurli loves her father ſo dearly. *(Weeping.)* No, Gurli cannot leave her father—Gurli will rather not marry at all.

Liddy. Charming girl!

Samuel. But here a queſtion naturally ariſes; if a prudent, reaſonable huſband could be found, who would be willing to live with your father, in one town, or in one country?

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha! yes, that would be charming.

Samuel. What think you then, Miſs, could you, for example, be perſuaded to love and to marry me?

Gurli. To love you?—no.—But I will readily marry you, if it will be doing any pleaſure to Liddy.

Liddy. Wonderful creature! will you then marry without loving?

Gurli. Why not? is love a neceſſary ingredient in marriage?

Liddy. I think, at leaſt, that eſteem is.

Gurli. I muſt tell thee plainly, dear Liddy, that Gurli does not yet know properly, what ſort of a thing marriage is.

Samuel. That is a matter eaſily found out. I ſhall afterwards have an opportunity of giving you ſome information upon that ſubject. Before hand, every thing depends upon a plain and explicit anſwer to my queſtion: will you marry me, Miſs?

Gurli. *(To Liddy.)* Doſt thou wiſh it ſo?

Liddy. Why—ſurely—it is my brother.

Gurli. Then—I will marry thee, fooliſh man: but it is only upon this condition, that thou muſt always ſtay where my father ſtays.

Samuel. *(Aſide.)* Shall I then promiſe this? why not? before hand one may agree boldly to every condition. (*Aloud.*) The love, by which thou, charming creature, art ſoon to be united to Mr. Samuel Smith, is more powerful than filial tenderneſs. There remains only one queſtion to be anſwered: when ſhall our wedding be, fair Gurli?

Gurli. When thou wilt—*(to Liddy.)* Would it pleaſe thee if it were to be ſoon?

Liddy. I ſhould be very happy.

Gurli. Well then I will marry thee immediately.

Samuel. *(Aſtoniſhed.)* Immediately! no, for that I am nowiſe prepared—*(to Liddy.)* The good girl eaſily takes fire; but we muſt go cautiouſly to work.

Liddy. I ſhould have thought, brother, that for this time at leaſt, you might have kept your caution to yourſelf, and taken her at her word, before ſhe had leiſure to form another opinion upon the ſubject.

Samuel. All that I can poſſibly do, is as follows: I will go to one notary, and then to another; and appoint them both to come hither this afternoon.

Liddy. Both! why then muſt there be two?

Samuel. One of them might turn ſick, or break a leg, or drink too much at dinner, or ſome other obſtacle occur. *(Liddy laughs)* Laugh as you pleaſe; I have only one queſtion

to

to aſk; can ſuch matters be too prudently managed? anſwer; no. I ſhall go, and appoint them both, cauſe them both to draw up a contract, compare them both, correct them both, and chooſe with proper caution one from them both. In the mean while, fair bride! I will beg for a kiſs—

Gurli. Fie!

Samuel. *(Surpriſed.)* How!

Gurli. (*To Liddy.*) Muſt I kiſs him?

Liddy. Surely you muſt.

Gurli. Well then. *(Kiſſes him, wipes her mouth, and calls after him.)* Remember, I tell thee, if the notaries are handſomer than thee, I will then marry them, and not thee.

[*Exit Samuel.*

SCENE VII.

LIDDY *and* GURLI.

Liddy. Now, dear Gurli, whether would thou like better to be my ſiſter, or my daughter?

Gurli. Gurli underſtands thee not.

Liddy. If you marry my brother, then are we ſiſters.

Gurli. Right: Gurli rejoices at it.

Liddy. But ſuppoſing Liddy were to marry thy father, then would Gurli be Liddy's daughter.

Gurli. (*Looking for ſome moments doubtfully in her face.*) Liddy jokes.

Liddy. Who knows but I might perhaps be in earneſt, if I could only find out, who your father really is? What think you? You may perhaps be able to give me ſome light.

Gurli. Huſh—Gurli dare not tell.

Liddy. Why not? only to me.

Gurli. Not to my parrot; not to my kitten; not even to the roſebuſh in my chamber.

Liddy. But the cauſe?

Gurli. My father forbade me.

Liddy. Do you hold your father's prohibition ſo ſacred?

Gurli. He never forbade me any thing elſe in his life—this is the very firſt time.

Liddy. (embracing her with emotion.) Excellent girl!

Gurli. Fooliſh Liddy!

Liddy. Since you are ſo very myſterious, I muſt call my guardian angel to my aſſiſtance.

Gurli. (eagerly.) Thy guardian angel! haſt thou one? Ah, Liddy, I am ſo vexed.

Liddy. Be eaſy; he is the friend of all good men.

Gurli. Is he ſo? but is Gurli ſufficiently good?

Liddy. Yes, Yes, Gurli is ſufficiently good.

Gurli. Well, what ſays thy guardian angel?

Liddy. (Seeming to liſten to ſomething) He ſays that thy father was once Nabob of Myſore.

Gurli. (Creeping cloſe to Liddy with apparent terrour) Ah, Liddy! he is very right.

Liddy. (as before) He ſays, Gurli will tell me of the reſt.

Gurli. Says he ſo! Then Gurli muſt tell it.

Liddy. But without dread, dear girl.

Gurli. Send him away, then.

Liddy. (Making a motion with her hand.) He is gone.

Gurli.

Gurli. Are you ſure?

Liddy. Quite ſure.

Gurli. But Gurli is a very poor relater; ſhe neither knows how to begin, nor how to end. My father was Nabob of Myſore; he was juſt and good; they called him the fountain of juſtice; for he puniſhed the Derdar, as much as the water-bearer; with him there was no reſpect of Caſts, *(weeping,)* and yet they have driven him from his native country; and murdered his wives and his children, and me they have ſuffered to live.

Liddy. Who drove him out, and for what reaſon?

Gurli. See, my father has two brothers, a couple of odious ugly men—Ha, ha, ha! the one ſquints, and has a noſe ſo long—and the other a head like a hollowed Kurbis, into which our Jugglers put their ſnakes: ha, ha, ha! well, his head was full of ſnakes too. The wicked man! Liddy, there are ſad wicked men in the world. *(Clenching her fiſt and ſtamping with her foot.)* If I had him here, I would fix theſe nails firmly enough in his briſtly locks. He wiſhed alſo to be Nabob of Myſore; and the other with the long noſe too. Well, they plotted a ſad villainy together, and got all the Nairs upon their ſide, and in one night they attacked our houſe. Ah! dear Liddy, what a fright; and a ſhrieking and a wailing, and a terrible alarm. Ah! I ſhudder ſtill when I think of that night. I ſprung out of bed, and was quite out of my wits—Ha, ha, ha! my gold necklace I tied about my arm, and wrapt my apron about my head, *(weeping.)* My poor father was obliged to fly, through thick

thick and thin in the dark night, and Gurli fled with him. Gurli ſat in a Palanquin; old Muſaffery aſſiſted to carry it *(laughing)*; and, becauſe it was a labour he had not been uſed to, he was falling every moment into the mire. At length we came to the ſea ſhore. My father was calm and gloomy, and ſpoke not a word *(weeping)*: Gurli wept ſadly for her poor mother, and for her poor brothers and ſiſters. We went on board an Engliſh ſhip; the Captain was a fooliſh merry fellow, *(laughing,)* he made Gurli laugh very much. We ſailed many days through the ſea, and many weeks after one another; at laſt Gurli began to tire; and at laſt we came hither. Now have told you all.

Liddy. I thank you, and will immediately return your confidence; but you have not yet anſwered my firſt queſtion: whether you had rather be my ſiſter or my daughter?

Gurli. Well, Gurli would rather be thy ſiſter.

Liddy. Why?

Gurli. Becauſe Gurli had a mother already, a good, good mother! Gurli cannot wiſh to have a better one. But Gurli never yet had a ſiſter.

Liddy. Well Gurli, we will live together as ſiſters. I am to marry your father.

Gurli. No, Liddy, jeſt not with Gurli.

Liddy. I do not jeſt. He left me juſt now; and God was the witneſs of our mutual engagement.

Gurli. Indeed! ha, ha, ha! *(Leaping about, ſnapping her fingers, and ſinging to it in a tune of her own,)* that is charming! that is charming!

ing! how I rejoice! Liddy, I muſt kiſs thee! *(Takes hold of her head with both hands, and gives her a hearty ſmack.)*

Liddy. Happy girl! teach me to continue a child like thee.

Gurli. Does then my father know already, that thou art willing to marry him?

Liddy. *(Smiling)* Certainly he knows.

Gurli. What a pity! I wiſh he had not yet known it. Gurli would have been ſo happy to have told him.

Liddy. But he knows not yet, that you are to marry my brother.

Gurli. Well, he will know that in time enough.

SCENE VIII.

JACK, LIDDY, *and* GURLI.

(Liddy. (As ſoon as ſhe perceives him, with a cry of ſurpriſe and joy.) Ah, Jack! where is your maſter?

Jack. *Always in a frank blunt manner.)* We have juſt now anchored in the harbour.

Liddy. *(Beſide herſelf)* Gurli! Gurli! Rejoice with me! Brother Robert is come! Father! Mother! Brother Robert is come!

[*Runs out.*

Gurli. *(Jumping about.)* Charming! Charming! Brother Robert is come! Hark you! Who is brother Robert?

Jack. Mr. Robert and Miſs Liddy were both taken from one ſtore-houſe; he is her brother.

Gurli. He is her brother! Charming; and Liddy is ſo very glad! and Gurli ſo glad too, whenever

whenever ſhe ſee Liddy glad. Come hither, thou dirty man; I muſt give thee a kiſs for thy good news. (*Kiſſes the aſtoniſhed Boatſwain, turns about, and ſkips into her chamber, crying out*). Brother Robert is come! Brother Robert is come! [*Exit.*

Jack. I'll be damn'd, if ſhe is not wrong in the upper works! ſhe ſeems not to be very deeply laden with underſtanding. All theſe ſmooth female faces, I value as little as a rotten rope. I wiſh we were at ſea again. What the devil are we to do here among theſe curſed land rats! The old fellow is well enough! only his timbers are a little decayed. God knows how long he may be able to drive before the wind. As for the mother, ſhe is a hurricane; never blows from one quarter, but veers about to every point in the compaſs.

SCENE IX.

Sir JOHN, *rolled in upon his Chair by* LIDDY *and* JACK.

S. *John.* Welcome aſhore! old faithful Jack.

Jack. God bleſs you, Sir! how goes it?

S. *John.* Not very well, dear Jack.

Jack. Ay, ay, the old Timber begins to crack. Your bowſprit, I ſee, is the worſe for the wear.

S. *John.* But for this once, joy has got the better of pain. Where is my ſon?

Jack. He is ſailing up after me; I think he muſt be here before one could reckon the croſs-beams upon the mainmaſt.

S. *John.*

S. *John.* Well, honeſt fellow, tell me, in the mean while ſomewhat about your voyage? I will order them afterwards, to bring up for yourſelf and your comrades, a caſk of ſtrong beer.

Jack. Thank you Sir. We weighed anchor in fine weather, and a fair ſouth ſouth eaſt wind. It ſhifted about once or twice, and yet (praiſed be God for it) we never got out of deep water.

S. *John.* But you have not defied wind and waves to no purpoſe? Have you brought home any thing for yourſelves? Are your bags well filled?

Jack. Lord! No: Our bags are ſo empty, that one might uſe them inſtead of pendants.

S. *John.* Alas! Alas! And yet you took a fine cargo with you?

Jack. So I think; a fine cargo! We might eaſily have made Five Thouſands Pounds of it, but I'll be damn'd if there is a ſhilling of it in our pockets.

S. *John.* Impoſſible! Could Robert have ſquandered it all away again, unmindful of the poverty of his old father?

Jack. Wrong not your ſon, Sir, a nobler fellow never broke biſcuit, that I'll maintain. You muſt know, that as we were on our return, and ſteering about two hundred leagues to the weſtward of the Canary Iſlands, early one morning, we perceived, at a diſtance, ſomething in the ſea, which we were not able to make out. Soon after, we heard a couple of guns fired, and ſaw a piece of ſailcloth flying. Holla, cried the Captain, theſe muſt certainly be ſignals of diſtreſs; and by my poor ſoul,

ſoul, ſo they were. We took in the topſail, and lay till the thing came nearer. I am but a rough fellow, Sir, *(wiping his eyes,)* but I'll be damn'd if my upper bowſprit is not always wet with ſpray water, whenever I think of it. A ſmall rotten boat, and twenty-three famiſhed men in it, who had not for five whole days, had one morſel of biſcuit between their teeth. Their ſhip had taken fire in the middle of the ſea; they had with much labour and difficulty eſcaped into the boat, and were now driving at the mercy of the wind. Twenty-four hours longer, and all would have been over with the poor devils. The Captain, a fine fellow of a Dutchman, had loſt every thing but his life, and the honour of a ſailor; and at home ſat his young wife, and three ſmall children, who had not a morſel to put into their mouths. Whenever he ſpoke of them, he pumped clear water from both his eyes. This my maſter could not ſtand. Comrade, ſaid he to him, I have neither wife nor child, here are Five Thouſand Pounds, take the purſe, and God bleſs you; and ſoon after, he put him aſhore along with his people at the firſt port.

S. *John.* Did he ſo? then, for that, God will bleſs him: and I am glad that he has brought home nothing, and will willingly divide with him my laſt morſel.

Liddy. Oh, my generous, my noble brother! Did I not always tell you father, that Robert would be the pride of your old age.

S. *John.* The pride and joy of my old age!

Liddy. Ah! here he is.

SCENE

SCENE X.

ROBERT, *Sir* JOHN, LIDDY, *and* JACK.

(Liddy flies into his arms.)

Robert. *(Preſſing her to his breaſt.)* My good Liddy.

S. *John* *(Endeavouring to move forward with his chair)* Damn this gout! Help me Jack. Heyday! Raſcal! your father is here too.

Robert. *(Embracing him rather roughly)* Deareſt father.

S. *John.* Ah, woe! You Jackanapes, don't you know that I have the gout? Now, now, it is over again; come, come, let this kiſs, and this ſqueeze, be the tokens of my joy, at your arrival; and this bleſſing, *(laying his hand upon him)*, the recompence of your generous action.

Robert. What action, father?

Liddy. Oh! we know all already.

Robert. *(looking diſpleaſed at Jack)* Has Jack been letting his tongue looſe again, and blabbing old wives ſtories?

Jack. My God! Sir, be not offended; my mouth only got a-float.

S. *John.* In with ye! in with ye! joly dogs: Your mother is within her chamber, and at prayers. But ſhe will ſurely look upon you kindly for once. *(Moving forward with his chair)* Come, come, help the poor old Sinner, forwards.

Jack. I will take poſt myſelf in the rear. *(He puſhes forwards.)* [*Exeunt all three.*

SCENE XI.

LIDDY *alone.*

How is it with me? Ah! my reſolution is wonderful! I had not the courage to inquire after him. Is he come back? or, have they left him in the Weſt Indies? or, is he ſick? or dead? Alas! what matters it to me! What buſineſs have I to aſk after him? Fate ſeems deſirous to put me to the trial, whether I am truly in earneſt, in ſacrificing the firſt attachment of my heart to filial duty, and filial love. It appeared ſo eaſy to me, but, alas! it is not ſo eaſy, as I thought. Well, but the victory is the more glorious. But I may ſtill continue his friend, I may ſtill know what has become of him. The wiſh ſurely is not criminal. When Jack comes out, I will aſk at him.

SCENE XII.

FAZIR *and* LIDDY.

Fazir. (*Running to Liddy, and ſeizing her hand.*) Here ſhe is! here ſhe is! ah! dear Miſs! Fazir is here again, and is ſo happy, ſo happy, good, dear Miſs, Fazir cannot expreſs it in words, nearly ſo well as he could wiſh to do. Have you been always well? have you been always cheerful? have you thought ſometimes on poor Fazir?

Liddy. (*In great confuſion.*) Very often—but not to day.

Fazir

Fazir. Well did my good angel know it, and blew with all his might upon our ſails—whizz, whizz! and we were here; and now dear Liddy, you muſt think upon me. But you are not glad to ſee me again—you ſhould not be quite ſo glad as I am, but yet a little, a very little, ſince I am ſo fond of you.

Liddy. (*With emotion giving him her hand.*) Indeed I am glad.

Fazir. (*Kiſſing her hand with ardour.*) I deſerve ſurely, that you ſhould like me a little; for I have ever and ever thought ſo much upon you; and thought upon nothing—nothing but you. When the ſun aroſe out of the ſea, then I ſtretched out my arms, and prayed—I intended to pray for myſelf, but I ſoon found that I was praying for Liddy. When the ſea was calm and ſmooth as glaſs, then I ſought Liddy's image in it—and found it too—for I found it every where that I ſought it—ah! and I found it often without ſeeking for it.

Liddy. (*Turns about, and wipes away a tear from her eyes.*) Image of my poor ſick father, ſupport me in this hour of trial!

Fazir. And when at laſt the coaſt of England lay in blue proſpect before us—ah! Liddy, had you then ſeen the fooliſh Fazir, how happy he was—it was yeſterday evening. The whole night I could not do any thing, but jump about upon the deck, and when morning dawned, there came a bird flying from the land, and perched upon our maſt; I called to it; I whiſtled to it, and could have kiſſed it! perhaps, thought I, Liddy has gone a walking yeſterday, and this bird has been ſinging her a ſong.

Liddy. *(Aſide.)* No, I muſt put an end to this, it grows too much for my poor heart. *(With heſitation.)* Don't you know, Fazir—that I am a bride.

Fazir. *(In great ſurprize, anſwers with a long)* So! *(a long pauſe,—Liddy holds down her eyes; Fazir ſtretches out his hand to her very mournful.)* Farewel, dear Miſs.

Liddy. Where are you going?

Fazir. I—I am going—upon the ſea—into the ſea—farewel, dear Miſs—*(he holds her hand: ſhe is ſilent: a pauſe.)* Yes, I will go—but I cannot—indeed I cannot—*(another pauſe.)* Is Miſs Liddy really a bride?

Liddy. Really.

Fazir. And will the good Liddy be happy?

Liddy. She hopes ſo.

Fazir. Well, Fazir will not be happy; but what matters that, if Liddy be happy? may I aſk who is the man that has gained Liddy's heart? No, no, I wiſh not to know him; I hate no body; he has not done me any harm: ah! yes, he has done me a great deal of harm.

Liddy. *(Much affected.)* Continue my friend.

Fazir. Yes, dear Miſs, Fazir would ſuffer death for your ſake.—Ah! it is only about ſix weeks ago, that we had a ſevere ſtorm; I was very vexed at the thoughts of dying; for I wanted to ſee Liddy again.—I was a fool, to be afraid of death; it would have been better, if I had not ſeen Liddy again.

Liddy. Won't you viſit my father and mother?

Fazir. Oh yes, Miſs, if you command it—I will do every thing that you command.

Liddy.

Liddy. *(Seizing his hand.)* Come, come, it is good for neither of us to remain here together, and talk about matters which cannot be altered. *(She is about to lead him out.)*

SCENE XIII.

LADY SMITH, ROBERT, JACK, FAZIR, *and* LIDDY.

L. *Smith.* But, my ſon, this was not pretty of you, after gaining your property ſo hardly, ſo wantonly to ſquander it away.

Robert. I aſk your pardon, dear mother, it was the prettieſt thing I ever did in my life.

L. *Smith.* Which way can you now do proper honour to your rank?

Robert. By my ſentiments.

L. *Smith.* Right, my ſon, that phraſe was noble: *(perceiving Fazir.)* Bon jour, Monſieur Fazir; I am charmed to ſee you in good health: *(continuing her ſpeech to Robert)* externals, however, muſt not be neglected; the ſun indeed is always the ſame ſun, though he conceals himſelf behind a veil of clouds; but he then only dazzles the eye with blindneſs, when he appears decorated with all his beams. What think you of that allegory?

Robert. Very pretty, dear mother; but I am no ſun, and wiſh not to blind any body.

L. *Smith.* I could have wiſhed at leaſt, that you had condeſcended to borrow ſome warmth from his beams. You are not ignorant that this houſe is now under the dominion of want, and that we waited with

anxiety for your fortunate return.

Robert. *(Shrugging up his ſhoulders.)* My God! I am ſorry for that; but had I at that moment been maſter of a million, the laſt ſhilling would have eſcaped my pocket.

Liddy. Dear mother, our poverty will quickly diſappear, if you do not refuſe me your conſent and your bleſſing.

L. *Smith.* Bleſſings as many as you will; but my conſent—to what? if it is only compatible with honour.

Liddy. I think it is: our tenant has ſolicited my hand.

L. *Smith.* *(In a lofty ſatirical tone.)* So?

Liddy. He is a generous man.

L. *Smith.* So?

Liddy. Rich.

L. *Smith.* So?

Robert. *(Holding out his hand to Liddy.)* I wiſh you joy with all my heart.

Fazir. *(With a ſigh.)* And I too, dear Miſs.

Jack. *(With a ſcrape.)* May you always have fair weather, and a good wind to your voyage.

L. *Smith.* Not ſo very haſtily, I pray you—Liddy, you know my ſentiments.

Liddy. I know them; but if I can convince you, deareſt mother, that his birth is unexceptionable—

L. *Smith.* That would give quite another turn to the matter.

Liddy. You may ſoon hear it from his own mouth: he promiſed to pay his reſpects to you in a few minutes.

L. *Smith.* Did he ſo? then we muſt prepare ourſelves a little for his reception—Quick, Liddy, leſt he catch us in the antichamber—but I tell you this: your mother is a connoiſſeur—by his mode of conducting himſelf, in ſo delicate an affair, I ſhall immediately diſtinguiſh the man of quality. Follow me.

[*Exit with Liddy.*

SCENE XIV.

ROBERT, FAZIR, *and* JACK.

Robert. She did not leave me any time to aſk my ſiſter the name of her bridegroom.

Jack. He need not be aſhamed of ſhowing his flag.

Fazir. He muſt be a good man, ſince he is beloved by Liddy.

Robert. My brother Samuel too is to venture his cautious neck in the matrimonial nooſe.—Hem, muſt I then ſail through the world alone?—what think you Jack?

Jack. I think, Sir, you ſhould let marriage alone—He that caſts anchor on a wife, lies on a damned bad bottom, and cannot, at laſt, ſhift his cable, even although it ſhould coſt him his life—let no man, ſetting out on the voyage of life, venture to take a wife aboard; elſe he will founder in the firſt ſtorm.

Robert. Do you think ſo too, Fazir?

Fazir. I think it is beſt to die.

Robert. To die!—are you mad?—Jack, what is it that vexes our young comrade?

Jack. I think, he has taken too heavy a cargo of love aboard.

Robert.

Robert. Has he hit it, Fazir?

Fazir. Good Robert, yes, I am in love.

Robert. What the devil! we have ſcarcely been two hours aſhore—you catch fire damned quickly.

Fazir. Oh! I was in love before we ſailed.

Robert. And never told me a ſyllable about it.

Fazir. My love was ſo ſilent and ſecret, that you would not have underſtood me.

Robert. Hark you, my dear, that was ſtupid—when frequently in the calm weather, we lay upon deck, in the warm ſunſhine, and the ſhip ſtood, as if nailed to one ſpot; then would have been the time to tell me, how the ſtorm raged in your heart. Or how, has not Robert deſerved your confidence? am I not the only perſon that is acquainted with the ſecret of your birth? and have I betrayed you?

Fazir. *(Falling upon his neck.)* Forgive me, brother: it is not ingratitude: truly it is not: thou haſt delivered me from death, and at the riſk of thy own life, reſcued me from the cruelty of my purſuers. I will never forget it; indeed I am not ungrateful.

Robert. Very well, very well: it was not my intention to extort acknowledgements from you. The confidence of friendſhip is all that I require. But who is this girl of yours?

Fazir. My girl! alas, no! the girl that I love—her name is——Liddy.

Robert. Liddy! what the devil! my ſiſter?

Fazir. Yes, it is ſhe.

Robert. Poor youth: now I underſtand for what reaſon you wiſhed to die—you had been tranſported with the idea of ſeeing her again, and

and now you find ſhe is a bride—fie, this is a bad buſineſs—I ſee that the matrimonial wind is not favourable to either of us—let us then cruiſe about a while longer, and inſtead of love, take friendſhip for our compaſs—you ſhall be my foremaſt, and Jack here my mizenmaſt. I hope yet to weather many a rough blaſt in your company; but if you were to forſake me, all my tackle would immediately be uſeleſs.

Jack. If ever I forſake you, may I be keelhauled.

Robert. (*To Fazir.*) Courage, brave youth, cleanſe your bowſprit from ſpray-water, and hoiſt up all your reſolution—come, comrades. The weather has turned out ſtormy here at home; we will dine together at the next tavern, and empty our glaſſes to Liddy's health.

Fazir. Yes, yes, to Liddy's health—come.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The two Lawyers, MR. STRUSSEL, *and* MR. STAFF, *complimenting one another at the door.*

Struſſel. Unexpected pleaſure!

Staff. Agreeable ſurpriſe!

Struſſel. To meet Mr. Staff in my way!

Staff. To find Mr. Struſſel here!

Struſſel. Pleaſe to walk in.

Staff. Cannot do it.

Struſſel. Muſt do it, muſt do it.

Staff. I am not ſo impolite: I know very well, that the firſt place among the learned in law, belongs to my worthy friend, Mr. Struſſel.

Struſſel. Nonſenſe! nonſenſe! but wherefore any ceremony between two ſuch cordial friends? (*Hauls him in with him.*)

Staff.

Staff. Yes, indeed cordial friends! *(They ſhake one another's hands, and both aſide at the ſame time, ſay,)* Devil fetch you!

Struſſel. How goes all at home, all well, I hope?

Staff. At your ſervice: whenever I come home, they aſk me, whether I have not ſeen my excellent friend Mr. Struſſel? and how goes it with your family? how is Jemmy my little godſon?

Struſſel. A funney rogue: I am preaching to him daily that he ſhould form himſelf entirely after the model of his excellent godfather, Mr. Staff—*(Both making bows to each other: Struſſel aſide)* What an aſs!

Staff. (*Aſide*) What an ox!

Struſſel. (*Aſide*) What wants he here?

Staff. (*Aſide*) What the devil brings him hither?

Struſſel. My dear colleague has probably buſineſs here.

Staff. Well gueſſed: and my worthy colleague may perhaps be in the ſame predicament.

Struſſel. At your ſervice—may one be ſo bold, as to aſk what ſort of buſineſs?

Staff. A trifle; only a marriage contract.

Struſſel. (*Whole choler begins to riſe*) So! a marriage contract! ay, ay! a mere trifle! I am here on the ſame account.

Staff. Ay, ay! then there is a bleſſing fallen on this houſe: Mr. Samuel Smith, ſurveyor of the cuſtoms appointed me to come hither.

Struſſel. Ay, ay! the ſame gentleman ſent for me.

Staff. Ay, ay! curious enough; and ſcarcely credible.

Struſſel.

Struſſel. (*In a paſſion*) Credible or not credible, it is yet true, Mr. Staff.

Staff. You muſt be miſtaken, Mr. Colleague.

Struſſel. I am never miſtaken, Mr. Colleague, and once for all, Mr. Staff, you are a perſon without conſcience, who lays himſelf out for nothing elſe, but to ſnatch away the bread from his neighbour's mouth.

Staff. How, Colleague, have you the boldneſs?

Struſſel. Yes, Colleague, I have the boldneſs.

Staff. You will repent of this, Colleague.

Struſſel. We ſhall ſee that juſt now, Colleague.

Staff. The beſt thing you can do, Colleague, is to return to the place, from which you came.

Struſſel. And the beſt thing you can do, is to go to the devil.

Staff. Now I muſt inſiſt upon ſeeing you home.

Struſſel. I ſhall be aſhamed to walk the ſtreets with you.

Staff. People might indeed wonder to ſee you once more in honeſt company——

Struſſel. I am always in honeſt company, unleſs when I am in your's.

Staff. Sir, you grow impertinent——

Struſſel. And you are ſo already.

Staff. If you do not quickly talk in a ſofter tone, I will let you feel the weight of my fiſt.

Struſſel. So much the better—come away; it is long ſince I wiſhed for one boxing bout with ſuch a ſad dog as you.

Staff. Excellent! though it will not be much honour to tread under foot ſuch a hog as you.

(*Both*

(Both of them throw off their coats and wigs, and put themſelves in the attitude of boxers.)

SCENE II.

TIDEWAITER, SIRUSSELL, *and* STAFF.

Tidewaiter. *(Running inſtantly betwixt them.)* How! how! what the devil! Gentlemen, I believe you mean, in all haſte, to have a little bout at boxing.

Struſſel. *(Pointing to Staff.)* You are the guardian angel of that fellow.

Staff. *(Pointing to Struſſel)* He is obliged to you for his life. *(They put on their coats and their wigs again.)*

Struſſel. But we ſhall meet again Mr. Staff.

Staff. Yes, yes, we ſhall meet, Mr. Struſſel.

Tidewaiter. Will ye not have the goodneſs to tell me, how it came into your heads here to fall foul of each other, with all precipitation?

Struſſel. *(Crying as loud as he can bawl)* He aſſerts, that Mr. Samuel Smith, ſent for him on account of a marriage contract, which he committed to me alone to make out, with all its neceſſary points and clauſes.

Staff. *(In the ſame tone)* He is ſo audacious as to aſſert, that his unpractiſed quill was intruſted with a contract, the heads of which, but a few hours ago, Mr. Samuel Smith dictated to me.

Tidewaiter. *(Stopping both his ears)* Have mercy, gentlemen, have mercy upon me: the drum of my ears muſt infallibly crack.

SCENE

SCENE III.

SAMUEL, STAFF, STRUSSEL, *and the* TIDE-WAITER.

(Both Lawyers ruſhing upon Samuel) Here is the contract, Sir.

Samuel. Cautiouſly, gentlemen! cautiouſly! you had almoſt run me down.

Struſſel. Am I not here by your command?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Staff. Did not you appoint me to come hither?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Struſſel. Did you not order me to make a marriage-contract for you?

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Staff. Was not I to bring a marriage contract for you.

Samuel. Yes, indeed.

Struſſel. Well, Mr. Staff.

Staff. Well, Mr. Struſſel.

Struſſel. But, may I aſk, Sir, why you have thought proper to trouble two of the moſt eminent lawyers, in a matter, inwhich at all events, even half a one would have been ſufficient!

Samuel. Why! might not one of you have met with an accident, which might have prevented his appearing at the time appointed?

Staff. Raſhly done, Sir, raſhly done! By this means you had well nigh been the cauſe of a very bloody combat, betwixt me, and my worthy colleague, Mr. Struſſel.

Struſſel. Very imprudent in you, Sir, thus, for nothing, or leſs than nothing, to make a couple of old cordial friends fall to loggerheads with one another.

Staff. If we did not love one another ſo dearly.

Struſſel. And eſteem one another ſo highly. (*Both holding out their hands.*) Ha, ha, ha! we are the old thing again..

Staff Our friendſhip is as firm as a rock.

Tidewaiter. Quickly provoked, and ſpeedily reconciled. Such precipitation is praiſe-worthy.

Samuel. Where are the contracts?

Both. Here.

Samuel. I entreat ye to read ſlowly and diſtinctly.

Struſſel. Read, Mr. Staff.

Staff. I beg you would read, Mr. Struſſel.

Struſſel. God forbid. I know my duty.

Staff. And, I know mine.

Struſſel. Wherefore ſo much ceremony? a couple of eminent men like us, muſt make out a marriage contract in the ſame way, it is then the ſame thing which of us reads.

Staff. Quite the ſame.

Struſſel. Well, if you abſolutely command me to do it. (*Takes out his ſpectacles, and reads*) "Be it known hereby, to all to whom the "knowledge may be neceſſary."

Staff. (*Conſulting his own manuſcript.*) With your leave, Colleague, It ought to be: "Be "it known hereby to all whom it may concern."

Struſſel. (*In a rage.*) Why ſo, Colleague?

Staff. Becauſe it is poſſible, that a caſe may occur, in which the knowledge may be neceſſary to many, who yet may not have any concern to know. Nobody, on the contrary, can be concerned to know, to whom that knowledge will not be neceſſary.

Struſſel. A very nice diſtinction.

Staff.

Staff. (*In a paſſion.*) Not indeed for the brain of every one.

Struſſel. You are an ignoramus, Mr. Colleague.

Staff. How! what! I an ignoramus? If I were to divide my learning among ninety-nine men, they would all be as learned as Mr. Struſſel.

Struſſel. Ay, provided they were ſo beforehand.

Samuel. Pardon me, Mr. Struſſel, I think Mr. Staff is right.

Struſſel. How! Is he right?

Samuel. Prudence always commands us, to chooſe thoſe expreſſions which arethe moſt appropriated.

Struſſel. You are a fool with your prudence,

Staff, Samuel, and the Tidewaiter. (*All at once*) A fool! a fool! You rude fellow—pack off—march down ſtairs.—(*All three fall upon him together, and puſh him towards the door.*)

Struſſel. (*While he is turned out.*) And I ſay, it ought to be: "Be it known hereby, to all "to whom the knowledge may be neceſſary."

Samuel. Well, Mr. Staff, we ſhall now be in quiet, and may examine the contract, with proper caution. Do you read.

Staff. (*Putting on his ſpectacles, and reading.*) "Be it known hereby, to all whom it may concern." (*Struſſel. Shewing his head at the door.*) "To all, to whom the knowledge may be neceſſary.

Tidewaiter. (*Driving him off*) Begone, begone; off, off, off.

SCENE IV.

KABERDAR, SAMUEL, TIDEWAITER, *and* STAFF.

Kaberdar. No, I cannot endure it any longer. May I aſk, Sir, what evil ſpirits have been amuſing themſelves before my door.

Tidewaiter. We have juſt now turned him out, with the greateſt precipitation.

Kaberdar. Whom? the evil ſpirit!

Staff. Yes, indeed, an evil ſpirit! a demon! a cacodemon—a ſpiritus infernalis——

Samuel. We are aſſembled here, Sir, to deliberate together, concerning the happineſs of your daughter.

Kaberdar. What concern have you with my daughter's happineſs?

Samuel. Anſwer: a great deal: Miſs Gurli felt that ſhe ſtood in need of a prudent companion, who weighed his words, and meaſured his ſteps, along the ſlippery path of this life. Her rational, laudable, and unexceptionable choice fell upon me; and now, the only queſtion that remains is, whether Gurli's father has any objection to make to our union? Anſwer.

Kaberdar, (Stares at him, ſhakes his head, then turns about, opens the door of his chamber, and calls) Gurli.

Gurli. (within) Father?

Kaberdar. Come forth.

SCENE

SCENE V.

GURLI, KABERDAR, SAMUEL, STAFF, TIDE-WAITER.

Gurli. What wouldſt thou, father? *(Perceiving the lawyer)* Ha, ha, ha!

Kaberdar. Be ſerious, Gurli,

Gurli. (ſtroking his cheek) What does my father command?

Kaberdar. (pointing to Samuel) Art thou willing to marry that man?

Gurli. I promiſed it to Liddy.

Kaberdar. Doſt thou love him?

Gurli. I love Liddy.

Kaberdar. But it is he, not Liddy, who is to be thy huſband.

Gurli. But he is Liddy's brother.

Kaberdar. (Aſide) That is his greateſt merit.

Gurli. And he is always to ſtay where thou ſtayeſt, father—Gurli will never forſake thee—and Liddy is to ſtay there too. Is it not true, fooliſh Samuel?

Samuel. Anſwer: yes.

Kaberdar. Thou hop'ſt then to be happy with him?

Gurli. Not with him alone, but with him, with thee, and with Liddy.

Kaberdar. Well, God bleſs ye! I have nothing to object againſt it. *(He embraces his daughter, and then Samuel, who receives it with great ſolemnity.)* Sir, you will at once be my ſon, and my brother.

Samuel. Double honour,—double pleaſure, double ſatisfaction.

Kaberdar. Yes, if it ſhould doubly ſucceed.

Samuel. No doubt. Will you pleaſe now to hear the contract read over?

Kaberdar. I am quite indifferent; as there is but one article, in which I can have any concern: the article of the dowry.

Staff. Here we have left room for it. (*ſhewing him the paper.*)

Kaberdar. So much indeed, that one might inſert in it, the title of a large kingdom, with all the provinces, which it either poſſeſſes, or does not poſſeſs. Did you think, Sir, that I was ſo very rich?

Samuel. I thought you was very rich, and very generous.

Kaberdar. Indeed! then I muſt be a wonderful man: for wealth and generoſity I have never yet found together. Every virtue may however degenerate; and ſo likewiſe may generoſity. You know, Sir, that I am on the eve of taking another wife to myſelf, and it is not impoſſible, that a dozen of children may hereafter lay claim to my paternal generoſity.

Samuel. (*Perplexed*) Ay, ay!

Tidewaiter. Ay, ay!

Staff. Umph, umph!

Kaberdar. How much do you then reckon neceſſary to enable you and my daughter, to live neither in indigence, nor in ſuperfluity; neither penuriouſly, nor yet with prodigality.

Samuel. Well; then, in ſuch caſes, one had better reckon too much, than too little.

Kaberdar.

Kaberdar. What if we were to ſtrike the medium, and fix upon a ſum of Ten Thouſand pounds?

Samuel, (In a tone of ſatisfaction) Ah, we ſhould not ſuffer them to ruſt.

Tidewaiter. (*In a whiſper to Samuel.*) Get the matter concluded quickly.

Staff. Let us inſert the payment of that ſum in this empty ſpace.

Samuel. Moreover, I flatter myſelf with a favourable anſwer to the following query: if heaven ſhould bleſs our union with children

———

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha! Hark you, ſhall we then have children?

Samuel. I hope ſo.

Gurli. Then will Gurli laugh terribly—Gurli never yet had any children.

Staff. Hora ruit: that is, the precious time is paſſing away. May it pleaſe you to impart to this contract, by means of the ſubſcription of the contracting parties, the proper formality, ſtedfaſtneſs, and indiſſolubility?

Samuel. Well ſaid—. Go, my dear Tidewaiter, and ſummon hither my family——they muſt all of them be preſent at this ſolemnity. *(Exit Tidewaiter.)* will you have the goodneſs to anſwer me one queſtion more: the fruits which may be expected from this union, in what religion are they to be educated? anſwer.

Kaberdar. (With ſome warmth) Bring you them up to be honeſt men, and make what elſe of them you pleaſe.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

SIR JOHN, LADY SMITH, LIDDY, KABERDAR, GURLI, SAMUEL, STAFF, *and* TIDEWAITER.

Tidewaiter. They come! they come!

L. *Smith.* (*After making a careleſs curtſey to the company, walks haſtily up to her ſon.*) My ſon, you behold your mother in deſpair: will you then be ſo barbarous as to graft crab-apples upon a peach-tree?

Samuel. (*Taking her aſide*) No roſe without thorns. (*They begin a ſecret converſation.*)

Gurli. (*To Liddy*) Well, ſweet ſiſter, art thou ſatisfied with Gurli?

Liddy. Gurli is a good girl.

S. *John.* (*To Kaberdar*) Sir, you have confounded an old man, and made him doubt the philoſophy of his whole life. Had any one told me, to go out to the highway, where ſo many thouſands paſs every day, and that I there I ſhould find a treaſure; truly I would ſooner have believed it, than that I could have found a rich man, who generouſly wiſhes to be allied a family in reduced circumſtances without rank or fortune——

Kaberdar. Alas, Sir, what a country is your Europe, if you mean ſeriouſly what you now ſay! The warm ſun with us, hatches no ſuch folly.

S. *John.* Your hand, Sir,—it is now ſo long ſince I have ſqueezed the hand of an honeſt man.—You are my phyſician—you have poured new life and vigour into the veins of an old man.

Kaberdar.

Kaberdar. I do nothing gratis—my recompenſe is a pearl, *(looking tenderly at Liddy)* ſuch as neither Ceylon, nor Arabia Felix, nor the Pearl Iſlands themſelves contain. *(Talks apart with Liddy.)*

Tidewaiter. (To Staff.) All is well hitherto; but matters like theſe ought to be quickly and ſpeedily concluded.

Staff. Yes, indeed; but before all, the due formalities ought to be obſerved.—Love, gratitude, and felicity, and all ſuch nonſenſe as that, will come of itſelf, after matters are concluded.

Samuel. But, dear mother, although you were to cauſe a ragout to be made of your genealogical tree, we muſt ſtill go every night hungry to bed.

L. *Smith.* Fie, fie, my ſon, I give thee up; for I ſee, that the noble maternal milk, which I inſtilled into thee, was laviſhed in vain.

Gurli. (ſlipping behind them, and puſhing her head in betwixt them.) What are you chattering about ſo ſecretly together?

L. *Smith.* A pretty behaviour! I ſhall never adventure to carry this creature into a brilliant circle.

Kaberdar. (With ſome ſenſibility.) I hope, Madam, ſhe will hereafter cut a better figure, in the domeſtic circle of her children.

L. *Smith. (ſcornfully.)* A good mother of a family has indeed ſome merit.

S. *John.* That ſhe has, and in every ſtation—of which our queen is an illuſtrious example.

Samuel.

Samuel. We are prattling away the precious time.

Tidewaiter. Yes, indeed—yes, indeed.

Gurli. Well then, be quick.

Staff. The contract is ready for ſubſcription.

Samuel. Come then, here is pen and ink, (*laying the paper right,*) on this little ſpace Miſs Gurli will write her name.

Gurli. Doſt thou think, fooliſh man, that Gurli has not learned to write? Give it me here—(*Taking the pen.*)

Kaberdar. (*with anxiety.*) Yet once more, my daughter, bethink thyſelf well: the happineſs of thy whole future life hangs upon one ſingle word. When once thou haſt written, thy promiſe is irrevocable.

Gurli. Dear father, Gurli will write at all events—ſee, only, how Liddy looks at me ſo mournfully, and the old man there ſeems alſo to wiſh it. I like the old man, he looks ſo honeſt.

Kaberdar. In God's name, it is thy free will—Thy father's bleſſing—and, if God will, ſome good angel be with thee. (*Gurli about to write.*)

Samuel. Stop, fair Gurli, ſtop one moment. I have turned at once ſo uneaſy—Is there then nothing omitted? no rule of prudence? no clauſe of conſequence?

Staff. Nothing, nothing: Mr. Staff has taken care of every thing.

S. John. My ſon, the coolneſs of your behaviour betrays very little tender feeling.

L. Smith. Perhaps it may be the ſpirits of your

your anceſtors whiſpering to you at this deci ſive moment.

Samuel. Not ſo, my dear mother.—(*To Ka berdar,*) The ten thouſand pounds, Sir, which you was ſo good as to make mention of, will they be paid directly after the wedding?

Kaberdar. (*With great coldneſs.*) On the wedding day, Sir.

Samuel. (*To Gurli.*) Well, write now, fair Gurli.—(*Gurli about to write.*) But yet, hold one moment.—I really find myſelf in an uncommon ſituation.—One cannot go too cautiouſly to work.—One queſtion more, Sir: will the ten thouſand pounds be paid in bank notes, or in hard caſh? anſwer.

Kaberdar. (*Diſpleaſed.*) As you pleaſe, Sir; as you chooſe yourſelf.

Samuel. In hard caſh, then, if it is wholly the ſame to you.

Kaberdar. Very well.

Samuel. Now you may write.

Gurli. (*About to write.*) Fooliſh man! thou art ſo tireſome.

Samuel. Stop, ſtop, for one moment.

Liddy. Brother, you are inſufferable.

Kaberdar. (*To Liddy.*) You are his guardian angel.

Samuel. There ſtill remains one reaſonable and important queſtion to determine. If the father of my fair Gurli ſhould deceaſe, and leave behind him no other heirs of his body, then—

Kaberdar. Then Gurli will be the heireſs of my whole fortune.

Samuel. (*In a very friendly tone.*) Your moſt obedient,

obedient, humble ſervant—all doubts are removed, Mr. Samuel Smith now embraces boldly, and courageouſly a haſty reſolution: write Gurli.

Gurli. Well, I will write, but if thou crieſt "ſtop," once more, I will throw the pen and ink at your head.

S. *John.* And very deſervedly.

Samuel. Write, write. *(While Gurli dips her pen into the inkhorn, to ſign her name, Enter)*

SCENE VII.

ROBERT, JACK, SIR JOHN, LADY SMITH, LIDDY, KABERDAR, GURLI, SAMUEL, STAFF, *and* TIDEWAITER.

(Gurli immediately drops the pen, and ſtands gaping on Robert.)

Robert. The devil and the Dutch! what a large company!

Jack. And plenty of the ſivens—turn about your ſhip, Sir.

Robert. You fool, I am no woman-hater.

Samuel. You come, juſt in time, brother, to ſign your name, as witneſs to my contract of marriage.

Robert. With all my heart—much happineſs to your voyage.

S. *John.* Robert, here is an honeſt man, who will in future make a part of our family.

Robert. I am glad of it: Sir, I am no man for compliments—your hand, Sir, *(ſhakes Kaberdar by the hand)* I am your ſervant; and if it be true that you are an honeſt man, then I am your friend.

Kaberdar

Kaberdar. Friendſhip is the bloſſom of a moment, but the fruit of time.

Robert. True! very true! what ripens before its time, is blown down by the firſt wind.

Gurli. (*To Liddy with eagerneſs,*) Who is that man?

Liddy. That is brother Robert.

Gurli. Brother Robert! ay—I like brother Robert.

Robert. Is this the bride? I am happy of your acquaintance: (*going up to her*) favour me with a kiſs.

Gurli. Ten, if you will. (*Kiſſes him.*)

Samuel. Now, Miſs, I beg you will write.

Staff. The formalities have been drawn into length.

Samuel. (*Urging Gurli.*) Will you be pleaſed? (*Gurli ſhakes her head.*)

L. *Smith.* (*Half aſide.*) Theſe are the moſt tedious eſpouſals, that ever I was a witneſs of.

Gurli. (*To Liddy.*) Hark you, now Liddy, I like brother Robert better than brother Samuel.

Liddy. Fooliſh girl.

Kaberdar. Gurli, thou art childiſh.

Gurli. Be not angry, dear father, Gurli has her free will.

Kaberdar. That ſhe has.

Gurli. Well, Liddy, is it the ſame to thee, whether Gurli marries thy brother Samuel, or thy brother Robert?

Liddy. (*Smiling.*) The ſame to me, dear Gurli, but not to Samuel.

Gurli. Ah! what! the fooliſh man! who will aſk his leave? (*goes up to Robert.*) Dear brother Robert, wilt thou be ſo good as to marry Gurli?

Robert. (*Much aſtoniſhed.*) How! what!

Staff. An uncommon *caſus.*

L. *Smith.* It is *unique.*

Tidewaiter. Inconceivably rapid.

Samuel. I am petrified.

S. *John.* (*Smiling to Kaberdar.*) One of my ſons is the happy man, and it is equal to me which.

Kaberdar. (*Significantly.*) To me it is not equal?

Gurli. Well, thou doſt not give me any anſwer.

Robert. What the devil can I anſwer?

Gurli. Don't you like me?

Robert. Oh, yes!

Gurli. Well, I like thee; thou art ſuch a merry man, that I am fond of looking at thee; thine eyes ſpeak ſo well, that one wiſhes always to anſwer, although they know not what—Well?

Robert. Miſs, I am not acquainted with you: I ſee you to-day, for the firſt time in my life.

Gurli. Yes, indeed, and I thee too. But Gurli would wiſh to ſee thee for ever.

Liddy. At my riſk, brother.

Robert. Damn me, if the girl is not charming! but I cannot deceive you, Miſs, I am a poor devil, and have nothing but a ſhip of 1200 tons burden; with which I muſt ſcour the wide ocean to-morrow; and perhaps go to the bottom next day.

Gurli. Thou muſt not go to ſea, thou muſt ſtay at home with Gurli.

Robert. And ſtarve with Gurli.

Kaberdar. Sir, this incident is ſingular of its kind; and muſt naturally ſurprize you very much

much. She is my daughter; a good girl; a child of nature; her dowry is Ten Thouſand Pounds Sterling. I have nothing farther to ſay on the ſubject.

Robert. Sir, I care as much for Ten Thouſand Pounds, as I do for a rotten plank; and I ſhould not be willing to ſuffer myſelf to be crammed to death by my wife.

Gurli. Fool, I will feed thee, and not cram thee. Marry me, however, and thou ſhalt not repent it. (*Stroking his cheeks.*) I will be ſo fond of thee, ſo fond—

Robert. (*Smiling.*) A fooliſh buſineſs. Well then, in God's name, I am content.

Gurli. (*Joyfully.*) Art thou? give me a kiſs.

Samuel. Robert, is this done like a brother, to ſnatch my good fortune from my mouth?

Robert. Devil take it: no—no, Miſs, I cannot marry you.

Gurli. (*Mournfully.*) No! why not then?

Robert. My brother has prior claims upon you.

Gurli. Thy brother is a fool.

Samuel. Softly, Miſs: have you not promiſed a hundred times to marry me? anſwer.

Gurli. Whether it was exactly a hundred times, that Gurli does not know; but I have promiſed it.

Samuel. Well, were you not upon the point of ſigning the contract? anſwer.

Gurli. Indeed I was; but now I will not.

Samuel. Brother, you have heard how matters ſtand.

Robert. I have ſo. No, Miſs, it won't do.

Gurli. But I won't have him—I won't have him—I won't have him—thou fooliſh Samuel!

what haſt thou to do with Gurli? Gurli will not have thee.

Robert. It is the ſame thing to me; you may do as you pleaſe; but I am his brother; and, devil take me if I can marry you.

Gurli. Tell me truly and ſincerely, doſt thou like me?

Robert. By my poor ſoul, I like you.

Gurli. Then thou muſt marry me. Liddy, tell him ſo.

Liddy. A ſiſter can only adviſe and intreat; ſhe cannot command.

Gurli. Who then can command him? (*To Sir John.*) Thou art his father; command him.

S. *John.* Does not Gurli know, from her own father, that parents uſually, in ſuch caſes, leave children to their own wills?

Gurli. Well, then, intreat him: when my father intreats me, I then do every thing he would have me. Yes, yes, papa, intreat him: intreat him. (*While ſhe is ſkipping about him, and ſtroking his cheeks, ſhe ſtumbles accidentally upon his gouty foot.*)

S. *John.* (*Crying out.*) Oh, woe! oh, woe! my leg! my leg! plague confound—oh, woe! woe!

Gurli. (*Shocked and uneaſy.*) Be not angry, Gurli did not do it willingly.

S. *John.* Help me! Liddy, help me out of this crowd. Here, there are ſo many people about me; and after all, nothing is accompliſhed.—Off, off.

Kaberdar. (*To Liddy.*) Permit me to attend you.

Liddy. Willingly. (*They both carry off the old man.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

LADY SMITH, GURLI, ROBERT, SAMUEL, JACK, STAFF, *and* TIDEWAITER.

Gurli. (*Much vexed.*) I have trode on the poor old man's ſick foot. Indeed Gurli did not do it intentionally.

L. *Smith.* Ha, ha, ha! the *denouement* of the ſcene amuſes me not a little.

Staff. I have never yet met with *ſpenſalia*, any thing like theſe in the whole courſe of my practice.

Tidewaiter. If other methods of thinking and of acting, are not quickly and ſpeedily hit upon——

Robert. The whole matter will turn to nothing.

Jack. (*To Robert*) You have come acroſs him, and ſpoilt his voyage.

Samuel. The blood curdles in my veins. In what a labyrinth have I entangled myſelf by mere prudence!

Gurli. (*To Robert.*) Well, ſaucebox, haſt thou conſidered, whether or not thou wilt marry Gurli?

Robert. You ſeem to me to be a good girl—Don't you love Liddy as well as a ſiſter?

Gurli. Yes, that Gurli does.

Robert. Then put only the caſe: that Liddy was deſirous of marrying ſome honeſt fellow; and you carried off, without rhyme or reaſon, this man before her very noſe—could you do ſo?

Gurli. Fie, Gurli could never do that?

Robert

Robert. And yet you would have me to play ſuch another trick to my brother——

Gurli. Doſt thou then love the fooliſh Samuel as much as I love the good Liddy?

Robert. (*With ſome heſitation*) He is my loving brother.

Gurli. Ah, God: that is diſmal—Gurli muſt cry. (*Weeps*)

Jack. The weather begins to grow gloomy—the ſea is high——

Staff. From what has happened, I am apt both to conclude and opine, that my office is unneceſſary here at preſent. I haſten hence——

Samuel. Wait, wait, Mr. Staff.

Staff. Ay, wherefore? each hour of mine muſt bring gold into my pockets. To day's hinderance I ſhall put down to your account, and in the mean time I have the honour of recommending myſelf humbly to the whole company. [*Exit.*

L *Smith.* Ha, ha, ha! this is then the end of the ſong. Thus it happens, when noble ſentiments are forgotten [*Exit into her chamber.*

Samuel. (*After a pauſe*) Now the queſtion naturally occurs: what is to be done? anſwer: I know not [*Follows his mother.*

Jack. The ſky grows clear, Sir, (*Pointing to the Tidewaiter, who had remained from curioſity*) But there ſtill ſtands a waterſpout.

Robert. Point your guns at it.

Jack. (*To the Tidewaiter.*) My good friend, hoiſt your tackling, and ſail out of the room.

Tidewaiter. My good friend, be pleaſed to hold your tongue: I am here on the duties of my office.

Robert.

Robert. Duties of your office! When did my father's houſe become a cuſtomhouſe?

Tidewaiter. Apprehend me right, Sir: it conſtitutes a part of the duties of my office, to ſerve and attend my worthy principal, Mr. Samuel Smith, with activity and celerity. As often as I can ſteal away from the cuſtomhouſe, for a quarter of an hour, or even for a minute, or if it were only for a ſecond, ſo often do I haſten hither, with all poſſible precipitation.

Robert. And now, Sir, I would entreat you to haſten hence, with all precipitation.

Tidewaiter. If I could only learn wherefore?

Jack. Becauſe, at this very moment, I feel my fiſts itch and prickle, as if I had on the point of every finger, a wound juſt about being healed.

Tidewaiter. Perhaps, then, you will not take it amiſs, if I take my leave of you, with the greateſt celerity and ſpeed.

Robert. Not at all, Sir; the more ſpeedily, the better. [*Exit Tidewaiter.*

SCENE IX.

GURLI, ROBERT, *and* JACK.

Jack. What think you, Sir? muſt old Jack too lie at anchor without, and wait to you give him a ſignal?

Robert. No: you may ſtay. *(Gurli during this time had ſtood in a corner and ſobbed.)* What do you want, Miſs?

Gurli. A huſband.

Robert. Then marry my brother Samuel.

Gurli.

Gurli. I cannot marry him: I will have thee.

Robert. Why then only me?

Gurli. That Gurli knows not herſelf. Thou art a wicked man: thou makeſt me weep: and yet I love thee. Look only, brother Robert, for ſome weeks paſt I have always felt as if I wanted ſomething; and then my father ſaid, Gurli muſt take a huſband. Well, Gurli was very willing to do ſo: and then my father aſked, what huſband I would have? that was all one to Gurli—but ſince Gurli has ſeen thee, it is no longer all one to her.

Robert. And hardly ſo to me.

Gurli. Marry me, however—I will love thee more than my parrot and my kitten—I will ſtroke thee like my kitten, and feed thee like my parrot.

Robert. To be fed and ſtroked by you, dear Gurli, is indeed no bad proſpect for futurity.

Gurli. Oh, we will live ſo happily together! thou, and I, my father and my parrot, Liddy and my kitten.

Robert. Yes, yes, if only—damn it—it ſeems to me, as if I was not acting honourably—thy ſweet prattle has ſung my conſcience aſleep. Hark you, Gurli, can you lie?

Gurli. Lie! What is that?

Robert. Speaking otherwiſe than you think.

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha! no, that Gurli cannot do, but if it will give thee pleaſure, I will learn it.

Robert. God forbid! tell me ſincerely, if brother Robert abſolutely refuſes to marry you, will you not then take brother Samuel?

Gurli.

Gurli. Never! never will Gurli marry the fooliſh Samuel: Gurli can now no longer ſuffer him.

Robert. But—but—the devil take it—it is rather knaviſh to ſupplant one's brother.—What think you, Jack? may an honeſt man carry off this prize with a ſafe conſcience?

Jack. You muſt know beſt how much water your frigate draws,—but as to your brother, Sir, I would make no more ado with him, than I would with a mouldy biſcuit. He ſtruts about on the ſhore, indeed, with a painted bowſprit, and plenty of palaver; but I would not adviſe any ſmart wench ever to ſuffer him to come aboard.

Robert. I think ſo too, Jack; the poor innocent wench would have a very diſagreeable voyage——Come, Gurli, I'll marry you.

Gurli. (*Falling about his neck.*) Now thou art my dear brother Robert.—Now will Gurli laugh again, and jump, and ſkip, and dance again.

Robert. Stay: now thou art my bride: and I muſt give you a ring. It is not, indeed, of much value, only of gold; but it ſignifies as much as the famous Pitt in our King's Treaſury. Here, take it.

Gurli. What muſt I make of it?

Robert. Put it on your finger—ſo—that is a token that I love you.

Gurli. Ha, ha, ha! thou funny man; I will fetch thee alſo a ring, and that ſhall be a token of my love to thee—won't it do? (*ſhe ſkips into her chamber.*)

SCENE

SCENE X.

ROBERT *and* JACK.

Robert. What think you, Jack? am I upon good anchor ground, or am I got between rocks?

Jack. To obtain an anſwer to this queſtion, you muſt let down the lead into your own heart.

Robert. But is ſhe not a ſmart wench? tell me only, Jack, how the little mermaid has contrived to bring me ſo ſoon under her influence?

Jack. I don't know: I neither ſtood at the helm, nor yet ſteered the courſe of the veſſel.

Robert. I would willingly, however, honeſt comrade, know the longitude and latitude of your opinion. We have been in ſo many holes and corners together, that you know me, both inſide and out, as well as your own hammock —you have carried me in your arms before I was able to ſplice a rope; tell me, then, frankly and freely, what you think of this matter? the wench is handſome and good humoured, and has ten thouſand pounds ſterling.

Jack. Yes, yes, ſhe is a neat well built wench, underſtands her compaſs; well rigged above, and good planks below—but——

Robert. But! What? out with it?

Jack. Dear heart! the wives are—ſuch as they are; there is no bottom to be found in any of them—if I were in your place, then I would tell her—I ſee well how the land lies, but I'll be damned if I don't clear the point.

Robert. I cannot, Jack, I have loſt my tackle.

Jack.

Jack. That's bad.

Robert. I am almoſt afraid, that I ſhall be forced to turn my keel above water.

Jack. That is very bad—then you muſt go to the bottom, without one chance for your life.

Robert. I cannot think ſo, Jack; I hope ſtill to come into calm, navigable water—ſee only what a fine wench! She carries her ſoul in her eyes; and in thoſe eyes there is no deceit. Her very heart flutters on her tongue, and her words are as fine as old wine, and as ſweet as the juice of the cocoa nut.

Jack. But a wife is as little to be truſted as the moſt dangerous whirlpool upon ſea. At firſt it is a life full of jubilee and huzzas—but if you once ſail againſt the ſtream of her inclinations, the ſtorm immediately begins to roar, from ſouth and north, from eaſt and weſt. And then, only think, Sir; you now manage your own veſſel as you pleaſe; you weigh anchor whenever you have a mind; you ſteer whitherſoever you chooſe; do you think, when you have taken a wife aboard, that your cable will be as long, and as free, as it has hitherto been?

Robert. Hold your tongue, honeſt Jack: I now find that I was not in earneſt, when I aſked your advice; for in ſpite of all that you have alledged, I am reſolved to tack about, and continue in the track ſhould I only have ſix points of the wind.

Jack. Then I wiſh you a good voyage.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

FAZIR, ROBERT, *and* JACK.

Robert. Do we, at laſt, comrade, behold you once more? where the devil have you been hid, ſince we emptied the laſt mug of porter at dinner together?

Fazir. I was at the ſhip—I reſolved never to enter this houſe again, and yet I am now here again, and know not myſelf how it has happened.

Robert. At the ſhip, was you! is our crew well and hearty?

Fazir. Only too hearty—their mirth drove me out again, for I could not be merry with them.

Robert. Why not?

Fazir. How can you aſk! ſee, Robert, it is a folly to tell it.—I went into my cabin, and lay down in my hammock, and looked up to the roof as I had been accuſtomed to do during our voyage, every morning when I awaked. There the rope, with which the hammock is faſtened to the roof—but you muſt not laugh at me.

Robert. No, no—only go on.

Fazir. Well, the loop of the rope had formed an L; it looks juſt like an L.

Robert. Ay, ay! love is able to make the whole alphabet out of it.

Fazir. Whenever I awaked in the morning, and looked up to this L, then I was delighted; my thoughts ranged farther than my eyes, and this L kept me many an hour in bed.—Alas! to day, for the firſt time, this L drove me out of it.

Robert.

Robert. Poor youth! what think you, Jack? can we not help him?

Jack. He is deeply laden—he muſt throw his love over-board, elſe he will ſink.

Fazir. Dear Robert, will you weigh anchor ſoon again?

Robert. You fool! I have not yet unloaded; and then I muſt firſt look for another cargo.

Fazir. How long may all that take?

Robert. Six weeks at leaſt.

Fazir. Six weeks! ah! Robert! the poor Fazir will be dead long before that.—Why did not I ſtay in my own country? I ſhould then have died along with my brothers—here I muſt die alone. There ſome good ſouls would have wept over me—but here nobody will weep for me at all.

Robert. Young man, you make my heart feeble. If it can comfort you—Liddy, to all appearance, marries a very brave fellow.

Fazir. That indeed ought to comfort me—but it comforts me not. I am brave too, am I not?

Robert. But not rich.

Fazir. Fie, Robert, have not I often heard you ſay, that honeſty is better than riches?

Robert. To be ſure it is; and yet honeſty gets nothing but the bones to gnaw, which pampered riches throw under the table.

Fazir. And what? though it ſeems to me, that I never could have wanted at Liddy's ſide. Do you recollect the poor negro, as we were once walking together in Jamaica? He was at work upon a ſugar plantation; the ſweat ran down his fore-head; a pitcher of water ſtood by him, and yet he ſang chearily a Mooriſh ſong. My good friend, ſaid you to him

this is a hard piece of work. That it is, gave he for anſwer, and wiped off the ſweat with the palm of his hand. One queſtion produced another. We aſked him, how he was able to ſmile ſo contentedly at his hard fortune? he then pointed to a thicket, a few paces off; under the thicket ſat a black woman, with three little, half-naked children, the youngeſt of whom was upon her breaſt. And while the negro was pointing with his finger, he looked ſo delighted with himſelf—no—ſuch another ſmile never adorned the countenance of a king. Ah! if Liddy had been but willing, Fazir would have laboured like that ſlave—and ſmiled like him.

Robert. (Whoſe heart is quite melted) Come, come, we will empty a couple of bottles of wine together.

Fazir. I cannot, I can neither eat nor drink, I will ſtarve myſelf.

SCENE XII.

GURLI, FAZIR, ROBERT, *and* JACK.

Gurli. (With a diamond ring in her hand.) Well, here I am. *(She perceives Fazir, ſtands petrified, and looks him in the face without ſpeaking.)*

Fazir. (Starts back at the ſight of her, and in his wild eyes fixed upon her, both terror and aſtoniſhment are painted.)

Robert. What! has a thunderbolt transfixed you both!

Gurli. (Trembling) Brother Robert, doſt thou ſee any thing yonder?

Robert. Yes, truly.

Gurli. Doſt thou really ſee it?

Robert. Surely I do—I am not blind.

Fazir.

Fazir. Robert, do you ſee the ſpirit?

Robert. I ſee a fool, and you are he.

Fazir. Dear Robert, that body once belonged to my ſiſter Gurli; aſk it, will you, what ſoul has entered into it, ſince her death.

Robert. Your ſiſter!

Gurli. Yes, yes, Robert, that ſpirit was once called Fazir, and was my brother—ah! my dear brother!

Robert. I underſtand—Children, keep your five ſenſes together! firſt ſuch a fright, and now ſuch an extacy! ye are not ſpirits. Children, I beſeech you, be not fooliſh! embrace one another! brother Fazir and ſiſter Gurli.

Fazir and Gurli (At once) Not ſpirits! *(approaching to each other with out ſtretched arms.)*

Gurli & Fazir. (at once) Do you really live, Gurli? Doſt thou live, my Fazir?

Robert. (much affected) What think you Jack?

Jack. (Wiping a tear from his eye) Land! land!

Robert. Right, Jack! never did I feel ſo, when I unexpectedly beheld land, after a long and dangerous voyage.

Fazir and Gurli. (Suddenly paſſing into extravagant joy. He lives! ſhe lives! ſiſter Gurli! brother Fazir!

(Here the poet can preſcribe nothing to the player: they ſkip, dance, leap, ſing, laugh, and weep alternately—Joy is always difficult to imitate; but more eſpecially the joy of uncorrupted nature. Robert and Jack ſtand by enjoying in ſilence the delightful ſpectacle.)

SCENE XIII.

MUSAFFERY, GURLI, FAZIR, ROBERT, *and* JACK.

Muſaffery. I hear thy voice, Gurli—but what—

Fazir. Muſaffery too.

Muſaffery. Fazir! thou liveſt! *(Preſſing him paſſionately to his breaſt.)* How is it with me? where am I? my old brain—yes, yes, he lives! *(Beſide himſelf with rapture.)* We will celebrate a pongol! we will boil rice with milk! *(raiſing his hands aloft, and bowing himſelf thrice to the ground.)* Praiſed be Brama! praiſed be Brama! where is my maſter?—where is Kaberdar? we will paint a cow's horns—we will crown her with a garland of flowers.

Fazir. Kaberdar! what does he ſay? Gurli, does my father too live?

Gurli. Hale, and hearty! hale, and hearty! father! father!

Fazir. (Beſides himſelf.) Where? where? father! father!

SCENE XIV.

LADY SMITH, KABERDAR, SIR JOHN, *brought out by* SAMUEL; MUSAFFERY, GURLI, FAZIR, ROBERT, *and* JACK.

L. *Smith. (Entering).* *Ciel!* what a rude plebeian tumult!

Kaberdar. (Perceiving his ſon.) Oh God! what is this?

Fazir. (Embracing his knees.) My father!

Gurli and Muſaffery. (Skipping around him.) He lives! he lives!

Kaberdar. (Embracing his ſon paſſionately.) Thou liveſt! oh! Brama, canſt thou forgive all my doubts

doubts and murmurs? my firſt born ſon lives—I have him in my arms! I have again my ſon! what is the wealth or the diadem of royalty, in compariſon of this moment?

Muſaffery. (*Bowing himſelf almoſt to the ground.*) We thank thee, Brama! we thank thee!

Kaberdar. (*Raiſing his hands and eyes to heaven.*) Yes, we thank thee in ſilent prayer.

S. *John.* A ſweet delicious moment! a ſovereign cordial for diſeaſe and pain.

L. *Smith.* A romance! a true romance!

Samuel. So it appears to me too—I am yet very doubtful of its truth.

Robert. Give yourſelf no trouble, brother, I'll vouch for it.

Kaberdar. Speak, my ſon! by what miracle didſt thou eſcape from our murderers?

Fazir. I wandered about a long while, but a good angel conducted my ſteps. I knew not whether I went, nor what was to become of me. I was purſued every where, without knowing it; and without knowing it, every where I eſcaped. Brama preſerved me.

Muſaffery. (*Bowing himſelf.*) Praiſed be Brama!

Fazir. On the tenth day of my flight, when hunger and fatigue had almoſt overcome me, I mounted a hill with great difficulty, and ſuddenly the boundleſs ocean lay before my ſight. A foreign veſſel had juſt ſailed, and was ſcarcely a cannon-ſhot from the ſhore. Ah! thought I, had I only arrived an hour ſooner, this ſhip would have taken me up, and at once delivered me from all danger. I haſtily untied my turban, and made the muſlin flutter in the air, and beckoned and cried as loud as I could, but in vain: the ſhip ſailed away with a freſh wind. I was

almoſt in deſpair; and hunger drove me along the untrodden path, where I had hitherto wandered, down to the ſhore. There I was careleſsly looking for cockles, indifferent whether I was diſcovered or not; when, all of a ſudden, with what pleaſure I beheld, behind the point of a rock, another ſhip lying at anchor; whoſe captain was this generous man, *(pointing to Robert)*, to whom I owe my deliverance and my life, and my preſervation till this moment.

Muſaffery. (*Bowing himſelf*) Praiſed be Brama!

Gurli. (*Running up to Robert and falling about his neck.*) Oh! thou good man.

Robert. Pſhaw!

Kaberdar. (*Shaking Robert's hand.*) Sir, when once you become a father, then will you feel, that for ſuch a benefit, the gratitude of a father has no words.

Robert. By God, Sir, you make me aſhamed. When I took up the young man, I thought neither of gratitude nor reward—I obeyed my heart, and ſee now, I have preſerved a friend to myſelf.

S. *John.* Embrace me my ſon! may God bleſs you.

L. *Smith* (*Reaching out her hand to kiſs*) *Mon Fils*, thy noble way of thinking, has, I aſſure you, quite enchanted me.

Robert. Dear mother! my way of thinking was, at that moment, ſo far from noble, that I was even afraid, that there ran through it, a ſtream of envy and jealouſy concealed. Three unhappy fugitives, had the evening before, alſo taken refuge in the ſhip which lay at anchor beſide me; and by my poor ſoul, I was vexed that chance had carried them aboard of my neighbour.

Kaberdar. Theſe three fugitives were we. That generous man ſaved the father, the daughter and the friend; and this generous man has reſtored me my ſon. *Gurli.*

Gurli. Well, father, may not Gurli marry this good man?

Kaberdar. If he will have you, with all my heart.

Gurli. If he will have me! oh! yes he will—is it not ſo, good Robert?

Robert. (*To Samuel.*) Brother, you muſt not take it amiſs of me, my generous reſignation would not avail you; for even then ſhe would not take you.

Gurli. No, no indeed, fooliſh Samuel; Gurli will never marry thee.

Samuel. The queſtion naturally occurs here: what will Mr. Samuel Smith do? anſwer: hang himſelf—if prudence would permit him: who knows but as fair a felicity may yet bloom for him elſewhere.

[*Exit.*

Kaberdar. Every thing ſeems united to prove to me, that I had gained nothing, when the hand of chance bound a diadem around my brow; and that I loſt nothing, when it was torn away—Good children, and tried friends, what is wanting to my felicity? a good wife—and that alſo I have found. Madam, your conſent is now only wanting: I love your daughter Liddy. I know indeed your principles, and your reſpect for ancient families; but I hope to ſatisfy all your demands, when I aſſure you, that I was once monarch of Myſore, and that my anceſtors bore arms with honour, at the time when Alexander deſolated India.

L. *Smith.* I am aſtoniſhed!—a family ſo ancient! I ſhall reckon it a great honour, Sir, to receive you with open arms, into ours.

Fazir. Ah! father!

Kaberdar. Well?

Fazir. Ah! dear father!

Kaberdar.

Kaberdar. What's the matter, my dear ſon?

Fazir. You have given me life, and would you now take it from me?

Kaberdar. I underſtand you not.

Fazir. I love Liddy ſo much——

Kaberdar. So! and Liddy——

Fazir. I can neither reſt night nor day.

Kaberdar. Hark you, dear youth, this is a matter, which Liddy herſelf can alone determine.——You indeed are ſcarce twenty; and the freſhneſs of youth blooms upon your cheek. I, on the other hand, carry the burden of five and thirty years upon my back. However, ſo far as I know Liddy, this will ſcarcely influence her deciſion. Let us ſee, we will call her: if her heart declares in your favour, I will then chearfully ſubmit to my fate.

Robert. Beſtir yourſelf, Jack, and weigh anchor, and ſteer towards Liddy's chamber; and tell her we intreat her to direct her courſe hither.

Jack. That I will. [*Exit.*

Gurli. Father, I will tell thee, which of you two Liddy will marry.

Kaberdar. Well?

Gurli. My brother Fazir.

Kaberdar. How know you that?

Gurli. He is handſomer than thee.

Kaberdar. Ah! dear girl! Liddy is not a child like you.

Robert. I fear, that in regard to that point, women will always continue children.

S. *John.* Be it as it will, I ſhall ſtill, before my death, have the pleaſure of ſeeing two happy pairs.

L. *Smith.* Right, my dear: this day has reconciled me again to fortune, and I ſhall lay myſelf

myſelf down ſoftly to ſlumber with my anceſtors: Samuel's fate alone gives me uneaſineſs.

Gurli. The poor fooliſh Samuel: I am ſorry for him too.——What thinkeſt thou, Robert? I will marry him too.

Robert. Two huſbands at once! no, Gurli, that I forbid.

Gurli. Well, as thou wilt: Gurli is very indifferent about it.

SCENE XV.

LIDDY, JACK, LADY SMITH, KABERDAR, SIR JOHN, MUSAFFERY, GURLI, FAZIR, *and* ROBERT.

Robert. Hey day, ſiſter! I wiſh you joy! you are a bride.

Liddy. (*Looking down.*) Yes, I am a bride.

Robert. But with whom? that is ſtill the queſtion.

Liddy. With whom! with that gentleman. (*Pointing to Kaberdar.*)

Robert. Hold, hold! not ſo haſty.

Kaberdar. Miſs, I now releaſe you from your promiſe.—Father and ſon ſtand here before you.

Liddy. (*In aſtoniſhment.*) Father and ſon!

Kaberdar. Yes, this youth is my ſon.—He loves you—I love you too.—Make your choice freely.

Gurli. (*To Liddy.*) Take the ſon: he is handſomer than the father.

Kaberdar. Your heart muſt pronounce the ſentence.

Liddy. (*In great perplexity.*) My heart! alas!

Fazir. (*With downcaſt eyes.*) Dear Miſs!

Robert. Well, ſiſter, will you not decide?

Liddy.

Liddy. How can I? I have already given my promiſe.

Kaberdar. If you had not then given your promiſe, would you not? *(Liddy is ſilent.)* I underſtand you. *(Puts her hand into Fazir's.)* God bleſs you, my children!

Fazir. *(Embracing Liddy.)* Ah, dear miſs!

Muſaffery. *(Bowing to the ground.)* Praiſed be Brama!

Kaberdar. *(Wiping a tear from his eyes.)* One ſingle drop of bitterneſs!—quite right; the cup of pleaſure was too ſweet.

Robert. Well, Jack, what think you now?

Jack. I think that I ſhall now be obliged to cruiſe about the world by myſelf, with this old ruinous veſſel. All my powder and lead is ſpent; my proviſions are exhauſted; and what will become of me?

Robert. You ſhall ſtay with me; and ſo long as I have a biſcuit to myſelf, I ſhall always make you welcome to the half of it, till you finiſh your voyage happily at laſt, and caſt anchor in the latitude of heaven.

Jack. I thank you, Sir, I thank you: and I wiſh all of you fair wind and weather for your voyage.

FINIS.

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